Week ending August 26 1950 Every Thursday Threepence

John Bull

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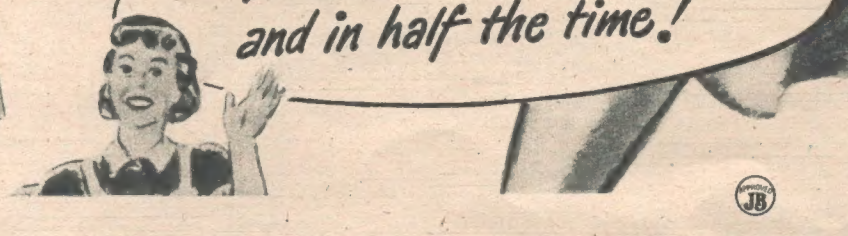

WS 72-1304

EDITORIAL

Why Britain's new census is really necessary

THE FIRST CENSUS since 1931 is to be taken next year. It will cost about one and a quarter million pounds. And already, objections are being raised to it—not only because of the cost, but because of the "inconvenience," and because many people apparently do not see the need for it.

Some of the grumblers claim that a census is simply not necessary. All the information it will yield, they say, has already been collected in various forms by the Ministry of National Insurance, the various branches of the armed services, the Health Ministry and similar bodies. A further counting of heads will therefore (according to them) merely become an orgy of useless form-filling for the gratification of Gestapo-minded officialdom.

The resentment of *personal* questions—"How old are you?" "How many children have you got?" and so on—is probably at the back of a lot of the opposition to the idea of a census. It is a natural resentment, and is understandable in a generation which has certainly had to fill up too many forms, and has already been asked to answer far too many questions about itself—some of them neither tactful nor necessary.

It is, however, an unreasonable and unthinking objection to an essential undertaking which will benefit us all in the end.

A census is not taken just to satisfy the idle curiosity of Whitehall officials—or of anyone else. No Government embarks on such projects, costly and tiresome as they are, simply for the fun of it. There are a dozen hard, practical reasons for having a census as soon as possible—and certainly not later than next year, even if we still have an international crisis on our hands. In some ways, the crisis makes it more urgent.

FOR it is obvious that in the interval since the last census of 1931, vast changes have taken place in our numbers, and in the distribution of these numbers.

It is nearly 150 years since the first census in these islands, in 1801. Since then, there have been censuses at more or less regular intervals, and each has shown a larger population.

The further increase of our numbers since 1931 needs to be carefully measured and analysed if we are to be governed in anything but a slipshod manner. It is simply not true to say that the various Ministries are already in possession of adequate figures. Extra information is already needed on behalf of all the social services. A Ministry of Health spokesman has said in Parliament that if we did not proceed with this census, we should be involved in much heavier total expenditure in trying to secure from other sources the variety of information which is now required for the different Ministries. He might have added that obtaining this information in other ways would be much more troublesome to the public than a straightforward census.

It is a fact that the lack of up-to-date figures has severely handicapped the starting of new services. An experienced administrator, like Mr. John Edwards, M.P., has said in the House of Commons: "The amount of money spent because we have not had a census is probably greater than the costs of the census itself."

AN immense amount of time and money has been wasted, too, by business and industrial firms which need precisely the same information as the Government, for the sensible planning of their sales campaigns and development programmes—and in order to serve the public to the best of their ability and resources.

It is fair to say that *all* essential public services, including housing, transport and power, are dependent on the numbering of the people, and on a correct picture of the distribution of our numbers.

Besides all these practical considerations of a census, there are also scientific and historical uses which deserve to be recognized—even though it is nowadays unfashionable to urge their claims when public money is being spent.

There is no doubt about it—the 1951 census is going to save time and money in the long run. It will provide an up-to-date picture of the people of this country which has already been lacking for far too long—owing to the last war—and which is now urgently necessary. But it will not be a success unless the public clearly understands in advance what information is needed—and why.

Last time, in 1931, the B.B.C. was helpful, not only on the air but in issuing an excellent explanatory pamphlet. Why only the B.B.C.? This time, the Government should take the people fully into its confidence, through the Press as well as on the air, before, during and after the census.

ON OTHER PAGES

ARTICLES

CAN WE DEFEND THE WEST?	by Capt. B. H. Liddell Hart	7
MARIE STOPES, THE UNDAUNTED CRUSADER	By Norman Phillips	11
HOW I STRUCK GOLD	by Powell Smily	14
TAKING THE STARS TO THE VILLAGE	by Graham Fisher	19
HE GUIDES THE CHANNEL SWIMMERS	by Don Everitt	21
CHARLES GERRARD'S INSIDE STORY	by Richard Collier	23

FICTION

HALO FOR HARRINGTON	by Kane Richmond	10
MAN OF SPIRIT	by Dudley Hoys	13
THE SCARLET SWORD (Part 2 of 8-part serial)	by H. E. Bates	16

FEATURES: FREE SPEECH . 4 NOW YOU KNOW . 22 OH, JOHNNY! . 27 HUMAN MACHINE . 29 COMPETITIONS . 30

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FREE SPEECH

Railway clerk —his job and his pay

AS A POOR, DOWNTRODDEN, overworked and underpaid railway clerk, I am afraid I am much too busy feeling sorry for myself to spare much sympathy for schoolteachers, whose case you put forward in your editorial (JOHN BULL, July 22). At forty-two years old, I am a class four clerk; two grades only are below me: the fives and juniors. It took me two years to reach my maximum of £355 per annum.

As chief forwarding clerk of a district station on the Western Region, I am responsible for raising carriage charges on all outward traffic. This totals £20,000 or more every month. I must be thoroughly familiar with the General Railway Classification of Merchandise, which provides for everything from A to Z and places them in twenty different classifications. If a thing has knobs on, it's in one classification; if it hasn't then it's in another. The rules and regulations we are supposed to know and the mass of detailed instruction we are compelled to assimilate require the mind of a lawyer. Working hours? Forty-four a week. Holidays? Fifteen working days a year plus Bank Holidays. Yes, we get travel facilities, but the harsh fact is that few of us can afford to use them. —RAILWAY CLERK, Worcs.

Folk-dancing Fans

THANK YOU FOR IAN BEVAN'S article about English folk dancing (JOHN BULL, August 5). My sister and I are considered "cranks" because of our love of it and our efforts to convert our friends. No wonder Princess Margaret became an enthusiast—no one who is not utterly devoid of a sense of rhythm could fail to be captured by the delights of our national music. The B.B.C.'s co-operation would be a great help in popularizing folk dancing. I for one would like to hear it on the Home and Light programmes instead of only on the Third, as though it were something too highbrow for the ordinary people, the very "folk" to whom it belongs.—MRS. MARY GREENWOOD, 23 South Cantril Avenue, Liverpool.

When Are You Paid?

MY WIFE ONCE HAD the same problem as Mrs. Evans ("Free Speech," August 5), who would prefer Thursday to Friday as pay day. But now I give my wife half of the housekeeping money on Friday night and hold the rest until the following Thursday. Apart from solving the shopping problem it has proved more economical. — RICHARD GWILLIAMS, 80 Cophall Street, Great Bridge, Tipton, Staffs.

. . . For more than a hundred years our works, which employs some 6,000 people in a town of under 10,000, used to pay wages on Friday. They agreed at the beginning of last year to pay on Thursdays when, as Works Council representative, I put the matter before the management. Now it is better for the wives and the shop assistants: some of our shops close at 1 p.m. on Saturdays, as customers do most of their shopping on Friday. — J. H. BARKER, 202 Woolley Road, Stockbridge, near Sheffield, Yorks.

. . . Both my husband, who is a civil servant, and myself are broke after the first two weeks in the month despite stringent management. I never realized how lucky I was when I used to be paid weekly instead of as now, at the beginning of the month.—MRS. P. M., London, N.W.6.

High-voltage Lightning

ALAN MCGREGOR'S ARTICLE, "City Kids' Highland Fling" (JOHN BULL, July 29), mentioned a climber who walked for more than an hour during a thunderstorm with a steel tent pole sticking out of his rucksack "like a lightning conductor." But as a lightning flash is of at least five million volts, I find it difficult to believe it could be attracted by a metal pole.—P. BELL, 12 Kendal Street, Carlisle.

Lightning can flash at anything between one million and one thousand million volts. Any metal object will act as a conductor.

He Was Always Someone Else

ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS when I have been visiting homes for the first time I have been mistaken for someone else. Once I was taken for a policeman. Another time a man told me about his aches and pains, thinking I was the new doctor. And not once but several times I have had rent or insurance money given to me—I was incredulous that people would hand over money so readily to a stranger. Each time I had to explain who I was: a lay pastor from the local Methodist church. — DENNIS F. FRETWELL, Sunbank, Norbury, Bishop's Castle, Salop.

Dennis F. Fretwell

Housewife Who Remains Aloof

CHATTING TO ALL and sundry is defended by "The Friendly Housewife" ("Free Speech," July 29), but I find it pays to be mildly aloof. My husband is in the insurance business and, without being canvassed, many neighbours have insured their property through him, remarking at the time: "We know that your wife doesn't *talk* to everybody."—MRS. P., Kent.

—And Wives Who Cannot Cook

DOES THE AVERAGE housewife understand diet and cookery? As I have come to understand diet our food should consist mainly of crisp, crunchy foodstuffs that invite thorough mastication. Yet we find our wives giving us sloppy food like soups and unlimited gravy which diminish or cut out mastication. How many women can cook a cabbage properly—and how many keep the water in which it was boiled for stock? And why don't more women cook potatoes in their jackets? Even after a first course of starchy foods our wives dish us up with rice pudding and pastry—more starch.—W. E. PITTUCK, 23 Euston Street, Huntingdon.

. . . I am eighty years young and have never been laid up with sickness. I have never troubled about my food except that I am careful not to eat too much and never to eat what I don't want. — JOHN BALFOUR, 391 St. John Street, Clerkenwell, London, E.C.1.

Boy She Met At Blackpool

W. G. GREATOREX'S ARTICLE, "Seaside Landlady" (JOHN BULL, July 22), brought back many happy memories for me. I was stationed in Blackpool with the W.A.A.F. for nearly two years during the war and several of the airmen billeted with Mrs. Swanson came into R.A.F. sick quarters where I was a nursing orderly. I was introduced to Mrs. Swanson at her boarding house by one of the R.A.F. boys I met in Blackpool. He is now my husband. — MRS. A. SOUTHGATE, 7 Frederick Gardens, Brighton, Sussex.

A Death Was Announced . . .

THE USUAL NOTICE was put in the evening paper a few months ago when one of our family passed on. Since then we have had visits from representatives of no less than seven ornamental-headstone firms, each one in his own car. We have also received letters, price lists and catalogues from ten firms and the other morning a small and elaborate portfolio arrived containing sheets of pencil drawings of memorial headstones and graves. All this has been quite unsolicited; we wonder if we shall ever be allowed to forget our sorrow.—J. G., Co. Durham.

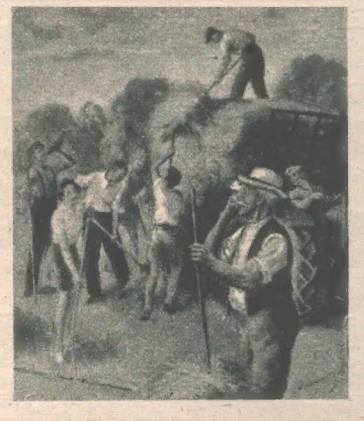
Doctor Refused Blood Test

I WAS INTERESTED to read in "My Child Was Born A Cripple" (JOHN BULL, July 22), that Mrs. Thorne took an article which she had read to her doctor, and that with his co-operation her child was eventually cured. I read an article in JOHN BULL about the rhesus factor soon after I had had a miscarriage, but in my case the doctor was most unhelpful. I asked him to give me a blood test but he refused and said that medical advice such as I had read should not be given in any layman's magazine as it gave false impressions and unnecessary worry. Later, when my second baby was due and I attended hospital, a blood test showed that my group was rhesus negative—quite possibly the reason for the earlier miscarriage.—MRS. K. B., Dundee.

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address is in the letter

THIS WEEK'S COVER

"I HAVE assisted at quite a few haymakings and used to be able to build a passably good stack," says W. E. Narraway. "I used to enjoy especially the ride back to the farm on top of the hay wagon. Farm workers in my own village of Holmbury St. Mary, Surrey, who posed for this picture of the second harvest, regretted that the custom of providing a barrel of beer in the hayfield was no more."



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See our Exhibit
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Ask for it by name next time you order

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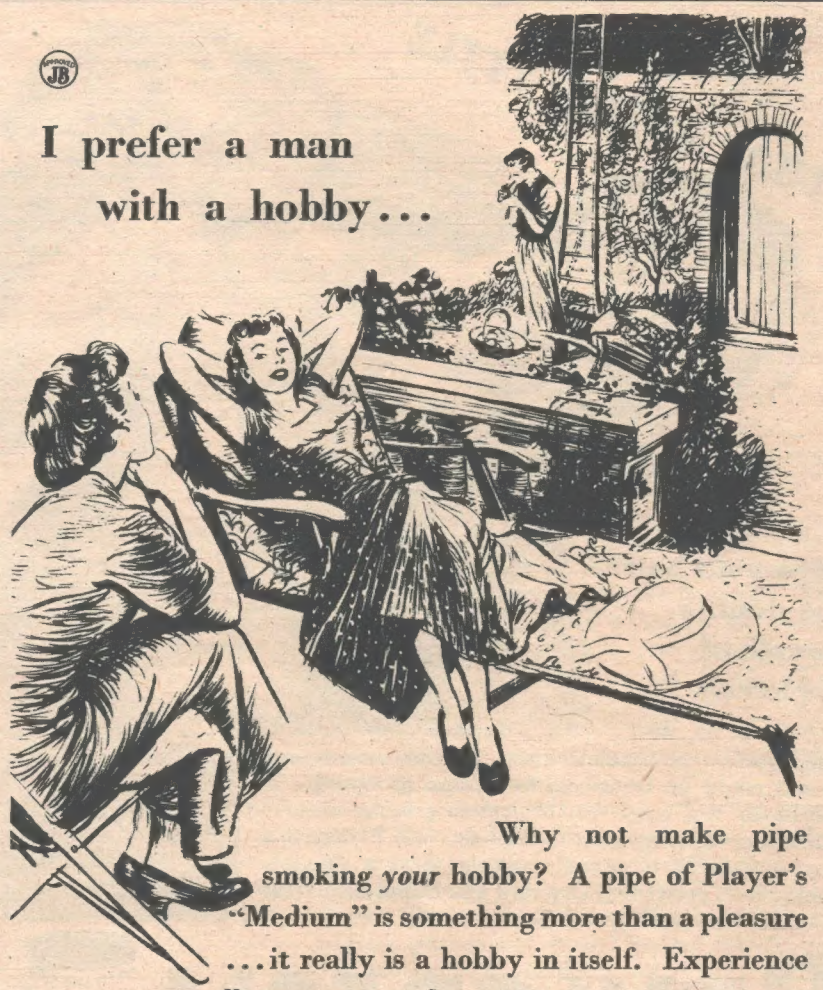


I prefer a man with a hobby...

Why not make pipe smoking *your* hobby? A pipe of Player's "Medium" is something more than a pleasure ...it really is a hobby in itself. Experience tells a man to smoke...

PLAYER'S MEDIUM
NAVY CUT TOBACCO

Now available in the 2 oz. Humidor pouch pack.

[NCT 69B]

Sombre salesman gets a 'regular' order

SAM is a traveller in smoker's accessories. If you want a lighter, a cigarette-holder, or a hookah, Sam's the man who shoots the latest line. "Well," I asked him, "how's the great door-to-doors?"

"Shut in my face," said Sam, miserably. "No orders anywhere. For one thing, I'm constipated, and when you're feeling like the bottom of an old ashtray you can't put your heart into peddling a case of pipes."

"That's probably your trouble," I said. "A bad case of pipes."

"Uh?" said Sam, dully.

"Like I said," I said. "You're being upset by the 30 feet of piping you have inside you. All you eat has to go through that case of pipes, but your bowel muscles which do the pulling have nothing to hang on to in the soft foods you get nowadays."

"Well?" said Sam.

"Not at all," I said, "—a dose of constipation. You're in need of Kellogg's All-Bran."

"Where does that come in?" asked Sam.

"Just at the right place," I said. "You have a little All-Bran for breakfast every morning. It's delicious, and it gives your diet *bulk*—something for those muscles to work on. It'll make you 'regular' in a matter of days."

When I saw him a week later he looked as if he was in full sale.

"Good morning," boomed Sam. "Want to buy a battleship?"

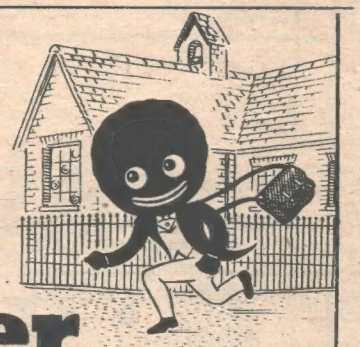
"So All-Bran's put you in the big time, has it?" I asked.

"Indeed it has," sang Sam. "It made me regular in two days. What about a packet of this miracle food for you?"

"I'm already sold on that," I said.

KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN relieves constipation, keeps you "regular." Made from rich outer layers of whole wheat, deliciously oven-toasted with malt, salt and sugar. Makes a splendid breakfast, and many appetizing cakes, buns, and surprise dishes. Now 8½d. a packet, from your grocer.

Home we hurry full of glee when there's Silver Shred for tea!



Silver Shred

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TWO WORLD FAMOUS PRODUCTS

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—best thing I've ever taken for

RHEUMATISM

I'm subject to rheumatism — and a nasty thing it can be. But lately I've been getting the better of it . . . simply by taking Fynnon Salt. Mind you, in the first place I took Fynnon as a laxative (and a very good one it is — regulating everything *perfectly*). But I now realize *how good a laxative Fynnon Salt is for rheumatic sufferers.* Part of the medicinal action of Fynnon Salt is to increase the fluid outflow from the kidneys—and this helps to free the system of poisons *which tend to be responsible for rheumatic aches and pains* — such as FIBROSITIS, LUMBAGO, NEURITIS, SCIATICA and GOUT. There are large tins of FYNNON SALT everywhere—for 2/-.

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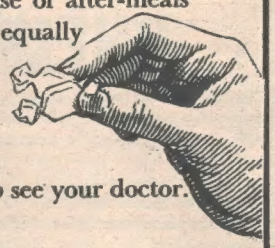
Here you see Sir Berkeley Square,
Who dearly loves a steak that's rare.
He takes two Rennies after meals
And stomach pains he never feels!

But Grosvenor, who's his son and heir,
Neglects to take a similar care—
His afternoons are far from placid
And much disturbed by stomach acid!

Suck two Rennies slowly, like sweets . . . to restore acid balance

Too much stomach acid is often the cause of after-meals pain . . . but abrupt alkalization can be equally painful. By sucking Rennies *slowly*, the neutralizing agents are gently, quickly, fully absorbed. Drip-by-drip, Rennies restore correct acid balance!



If Rennies *don't* relieve your indigestion, *do* see your doctor.

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BRITISH RAILWAYS

Can we defend the West?

"My mission became urgent overnight"

by Captain B. H. LIDDELL HART

Following an extensive tour of Western Europe, Liddell Hart, Britain's most distinguished military expert, here discusses authoritatively and in full the gravest question of 1950—the question all are asking

WHEN THE NEWS of the invasion of South Korea broke upon us, I was in the middle of a long personal tour of the Continent, undertaken with the aim of exploring the problems of Western Union and Western Defence. Though the fighting had broken out at the opposite end of the vast "Eurasian" land mass that extends from the Pacific to the Baltic and the North Sea, it was here in Western Europe that the repercussions were most strongly felt. My mission had acquired overnight a far more acute topicality and urgency.

Unlike the leading British statesman of 1938 who, when the threat to Czechoslovakia developed, remarked: "It is a long way away," the ordinary men and women of the West were quick to see the significance of the move in Korea. A large proportion of them immediately realized how this event on the other side of the world spelt danger to their own homes. In this they showed a surer instinct than many of their leaders who, for the first day or two at least, were inclined to discount the gravity of the news from Korea and seemed to be more absorbed in the manoeuvres of national politics.

First Reactions—A Contrast

On the day that the North Koreans struck down through the 38th Parallel, I was travelling in the American-occupied zone of Germany—and marvelling at the extent of the recovery achieved in the last couple of years, as manifested not only in material ways but in the spirits of the people. But from the moment the Korean news came, a deep depression became very noticeable. It was like a cloud suddenly blotting out the sunshine. There was no sign of panic, but many signs of a near-hopeless resignation. Sober people talked, quite calmly, of their decision to choose suicide rather than go through another war.

In curious contrast was the light-hearted attitude of the "occupiers," or a number of them at any rate. For some days there was a tendency to treat the events in Korea as something remote and quite unlikely to affect the situation in the West. Even among those who admitted the possibility, there was apt to be a careless complacency —exemplified in such remarks as: "I'm not worrying. The U.S. has *weapons*." (That was before the American confidence had been shaken by the evidence from Korea that the new weapons which have been so much publicised were not so effective as believed, or else not yet available.)

When I went on to the British Zone I found the situation was being viewed more seriously there—by that time, of course, it had become

One danger to face, says Liddell Hart, is naval blockade, isolating Europe from U.S. . . . Montgomery, Western Union's first chief, aboard *Implacable* during Union manoeuvres

clearer. Among the "occupiers," as well as among the Germans, there was a fairly wide realization of the bearing of Korean events upon Western Europe.

What is the *real* situation of Western Europe's defence at present? How far could it be developed within a year or two? Is it practicable without the Germans taking part? These are vital questions that urgently call for attention —and examination.

Blindness In High Quarters

I found on my tour that even in the highest quarters there was a tendency to see only part of the problem—or to avoid looking at it at all, because it called for a bigger effort and reorientation than democratic leaders with an eye on votes were willing to attempt.

In seeking the answer to these questions, the first need is to get the problem clear in our minds. We must determine so far as possible the kinds of danger we may have to meet.

The first kind of danger is the purely political and psychological campaign that has been christened "cold war"—the spread of Communist ideas, coupled with an underground campaign to foment discontent and disorder among the people of the various Western countries. That development has been to some extent counteracted by the growing distrust and fear caused by physical threats, but it remains a considerable danger—particularly in Italy and nearly as much in France. I saw disturbing symptoms there.

The second kind of danger embraces political infiltration, followed up with military action by Russian satellites—"camouflaged war" on Russia's part. Korea has been a striking illustration of this camouflaged war, which I forecast in my 1945 book *The Revolution in Warfare.* What happened in Korea could be repeated in Germany, where the Russians have already turned the so-called "People's Police" of their zone into a highly trained and equipped military force.

The third danger is an invasion of the West by the Russian armies themselves. It might be made after, and in support of, a move by the East German Communist forces. It might also be made without any such preliminary move, as a retort to American intervention in Korea, when the bulk of America's present limited strength has been drawn to that quarter. This would make a Russian offensive in the West all the more difficult to meet.

Surprise Attack On Britain?

The decisiveness of any such invasion of Western Europe could be greatly enhanced if it were accompanied or immediately preceded by a strategical surprise attack on the British Isles with an airborne force or other new means. That aspect of the third danger has been overlooked in most discussions of the problem. Our continental neighbours, who naturally tend to focus their eyes on the land front and their own frontiers, are even more inclined than our own authorities to ignore such a possibility and the way it might hinder the dispatch of reinforcements from England to the Continent.

A fourth kind of danger arises from Russia's progress in developing atomic power—much sooner than the Americans had reckoned. While it may be difficult for her to catch up the Americans' lead in the production of atom bombs, or match them in a Russo-American bombing duel, she might more effectively use any atom bombs that she has produced to retaliate on Western Europe if the Americans bombed her centres. A few atom bombs dropped on the capitals of Western Europe might cause much greater paralysis there than a larger number dropped in Russia. She might also use the threat of such devastation to deter those countries from getting America to bomb Russia as a counter to a Western advance by the Red Army. Some of these countries might not be hard to overawe by such a suspended menace—that was evident from some of the discussions in which I took part in Paris and Brussels. Moreover, the atom bomb may not be the last word—even more novel forms of "catastrophic" weapons are imaginable.

A fifth kind of danger lies in a new submarine blockade of the Atlantic sea-routes, cutting off American aid to Britain and the continental countries of Western Europe. The latter, it seemed to me, are too apt to overlook this menace and its potential effect on their own situation. It could be a grave menace if the Russians have effectively developed the radically new types of submarine design which fell into their hands, together with some of the designers, when they overran Germany's Baltic bases at the end of the last war. The snort-equipped Type XXI "electro-submarines" could remain submerged for weeks at a time if necessary, and were nearly twice as fast as earlier types. The improved Walther Type XXVI, with hydrogen peroxide propulsion, had the promise of still greater speed and operational efficiency. Unfortunately the British and American navies have still a scarcity of new anti-submarine craft fast enough to cope with such a menace. Meanwhile the authorities tend to rely on Russia's poor record in the naval sphere and dubious capacity to exploit the new submarine potentialities. One can only hope that such reliance is still justified.

Another "Korea" In Germany

The most immediately apparent of these dangers to Western Europe lies in a repetition of "Korea" in Germany. The East German police force under Soviet control has now for at least two years been trained and organized on a military basis. According to Allied information it comprises tank, artillery and infantry units, with a high scale of equipment provided by the Russians. This powerful force is 50,000 strong, and may be more. If the occupation of Germany were to end, and the Allied armies were withdrawn, it could dominate the situation. There is nothing in West Germany to match it, as I could see for myself. The police there are localized as in Britain, trained purely in police duties, and unarmed. They do not even have as much of a military air as in pre-Hitler times.

Before I went to Germany I had heard rumours that the Americans were taking quiet steps to prepare the formation of a force similar to that in East Germany—as seemed a sensible precaution—but in the course of extensive inquiries I found no substance for such rumours, and much evidence to the contrary. I met several of the former German generals whose names had been particularly mentioned as being employed in this task, but in discussion learned that the only matters about which they had ever been consulted were historical questions of the last war. In view of the present critical situation it is not surprising that they should have felt that such pure concern with the past was rather unrealistic.

The Allied occupying forces, so long as they remain, should be capable of warding off an invasion by the Communist "police" force from East Germany, though they might have their hands full if such an invasion were carried out by subtle infiltration on guerrilla lines.

French Tanks Are Obsolete

Far slighter, however, is their capacity to withstand an invasion carried out, openly or otherwise, by Soviet Russian forces. In the British Zone there are two divisions—the 2nd Infantry and the 7th Armoured. In the American Zone there is the 1st Infantry Division, and the well-equipped U.S. Constabulary which provides the equivalent of an armoured division. Behind this, in the French Zone, there is the 5th Armoured Division and two infantry divisions, none of which is yet well equipped.

There is no disclosure in enumerating this meagre total. For the figures were given by M. Reynaud, the former French Prime Minister. Moreover, the location of the divisions is clearly signposted, so that anyone who travels through Western Germany can see it, and add it up. The state of their equipment is equally easy to observe—for example, that the French armoured division still has to make do with the obsolete Sherman tank, while the British has the more modern but under-powered Centurion tank.

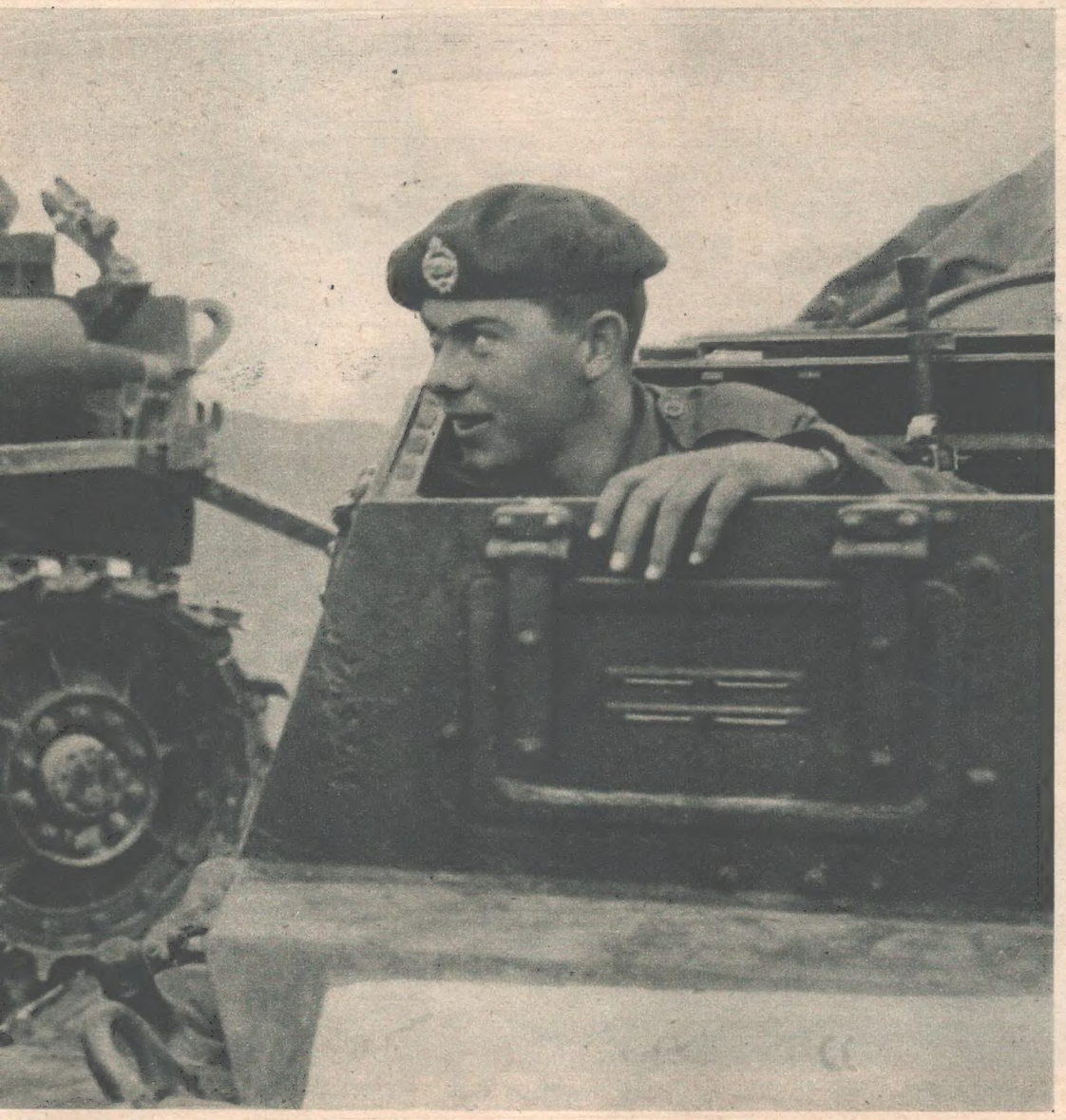
A soldier chats with his Defence Minister.

What forces lie behind this thin protective screen in occupied Germany? M. Reynaud said: "We have four divisions in France, two divisions in North Africa, and could mobilize forty if we could arm them." But one of the best-informed French military critics told me that only two of the four divisions in France were at present in a state of readiness for action comparable even to the three French divisions in Germany. (I refrain from giving any figures gathered from my discussions in official military quarters.)

It is clear that the present operational strength is very small compared with the prewar army, although the actual numbers of men in the Service is nearly as many. Before the war the French Army maintained thirty divisions normally, and on mobilization in 1939 produced the equivalent of 110 divisions. This total was increased to 126, of which eighty-five were arrayed against the Germans by the time that Hitler's invasion came in May, 1940.

While shortage of equipment retards an increase in the present small number of divisions, it is not the only restricting factor. Twelve months' conscript service is still the rule in France, and that would in any case severely handicap the production of trained divisions fit to operate in the field. During my talks in Paris, I found that the most that the Government was then considering was an increase to fifteen months' service, although its military advisers were urging a minimum of eighteen months, as in Britain.

There is now a higher proportion of regular soldiers than before the war, and these could be utilized to form a larger number of operational



Emanuel Shinwell observed Britain's two operational divisions in Germany during manoeuvres

divisions in a state of instant readiness for action. But about half the total are abroad, mainly absorbed in trying to cope with the Communist-fomented civil war in Indo-China, while the remainder are training the conscripts or providing a leaven for them.

Small as is the scale of the French Army ready for action, that of the other countries in Western Union is much smaller. Belgium is free from the drain of colonial troubles, but her army is handicapped by dependence on conscript service of one year's duration only, as well as by lack of equipment. There is only one existing division, which is stationed in Germany, and that is incomplete. I saw it in the Cologne area. The formation of another is proceeding, and a third might be produced on mobilization. The Dutch Army has a similar-sized framework, but it is only in the planning stage, owing to the drain of troops to the former Dutch East Indies caused by the prolonged Indonesian troubles. The fact that "the cupboard was bare" at present was frankly admitted by those to whom I talked.

Britain's Emergency Forces

Could Britain rush across the Channel any substantial support to the scanty forces in Western Europe? The answer is that there are no operational divisions in Britain. The nearest is the 1st Division, now stationed in North-East Africa. That and the two divisions in Germany are the only operational forces that the British Army has—apart from the garrisons of Malaya and Hongkong, already tied up there by Communist activity.

What more could be produced under present plans? While no official statement has been made, it was said in well-informed transatlantic quarters that the Western Union authorities planned to form by 1952 a first-line force in Western Europe of eighteen to twenty divisions to meet the immediate shock of any invasion. Of this number, the French were to produce nine to ten divisions and the British five to six, the balance being made up by the Belgians, Dutch, and the American force in Germany. The U.S.A. would provide equipment under the Military Aid Programme to enable the French, Belgians and Dutch to create a second echelon, of similar scale, that could be mobilized within a few days, making a total of some thirty-five divisions. Later a third echelon could be formed and equipped.

Even with that, the total would amount to much less than the scale of sixty to eighty divisions, thirty of them armoured, which the French authorities earlier estimated as necessary to defend a front between the North Sea and the Swiss border. Moreover, as things stand, the completion of the planned programme is far distant. The united force for the defence of Western Europe is still largely a paper screen.

Western Union planning is now being extended into Atlantic Pact planning. That has widened, but hardly strengthened, the framework. Of the countries on the flanks of the Western Europe group, Italy has eight incomplete infantry divisions, meagrely equipped with obsolescent British and American material. She is planning to produce four more, including one armoured and one Alpine division. On the other flank Denmark has plans for creating two small divisions, and Norway the equivalent of two in brigades, but they are still on paper, and would be skeletons until mobilization took place.

What could the U.S.A. contribute? She forms the "general reserve" of the defence, just as Britain forms the "local reserve." But, like the latter, she could provide no more on the ground than the small force already in Germany, except after a long delay—increased by the problem of sea transport. There have been six divisions in the U.S.A., but two of these are being dispatched to reinforce the four in the Far East. More may be drawn thither.

Under the stir of Korea, the French Government has told the U.S. Government that, with increased American aid, it could double its own planned contribution by producing fifteen new divisions within three years. In submitting the proposal, however, the French have emphasized that they regard the effort as not worth attempting unless a similarly increased contribution is made by their partners, with a larger number of Americans and British stationed on the Continent.

The enlargement of plan is significant, but it is still no more than a plan, and the contemplated date of its fulfilment—1953—is an uncomfortably long way ahead.

Mystery Of Russia's Strength

What has Russia available? General Bradley, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff in the U.S.A., stated last autumn that Russia had 175 operational divisions; that she could increase this total to 300 divisions within sixty days, and to 500 divisions within a few months after mobilization. Mr. Shinwell recently repeated the same figure of Russia's present operational strength—"some 175 active divisions, of which one-third are mechanized, and tank divisions comprising about 25,000 tanks." But in Paris the total first-line strength now was estimated at about 170 infantry divisions *and* 35 armoured divisions, besides a large number of specialized formations. It is a staggering total in comparison with the puny scale of Western defence, even as planned for 1952.

In some quarters I found a tendency to emphasize, comfortingly, that Russian divisions are little more than half the size of Western divisions. But against that must be set the fact that the Red Army has a much smaller "tail" than Western armies, lavish in their administrative services, so that the actual fighting strength of any large Russian formation is close to that of a Western one. British and American military authorities have reposed much faith in the argument that the Russian forces are poorly equipped and Russia's satellites still worse, compared with their own, but this complacent assumption has hardly been borne out in Korea.

Germany's Part In Defence

There are known to be some thirty Russian divisions in East Germany, including eight armoured divisions, with an estimated forty divisions close behind that could quickly start moving to back up a westward thrust. It is hard to see warrant for believing that the present "paper screen" on the Western side of the "Iron Curtain" could offer any prolonged resistance to the spearhead itself if this delivered a sudden thrust. The prospect would look no better even if the Western countries had warning in time to mobilize their whole available strength, for Russia's capacity to reinforce the spearhead far exceeds their capacity to reinforce the defence.

We are left with the question whether it would be possible, by speeded-up measures or new means, to create in the near future an adequate defence of Western Europe, given a breathing space. Supplementary to this are the questions whether there can be any defence of the West without the Germans, whether their participation is practicable, and whether the risk would exceed the gain.

The gap between the present situation and any solid security is immense. Although the countries of Western Europe have been spending £1,000,000,000 a year on defence, the security obtained is hardly more than if they had maintained merely a line of ordinary policemen.

During his recent tour of Western Europe, Captain Liddell Hart heard many expert views about the strength of France, Belgium and Holland. In his next JOHN BULL article he will tell the plain facts about their urgent defence needs

One of the few taxidermists left in Britain: Gerrard at work in his studio. Elephants are easy, he says, and a canary can be done in a day

Charles Gerrard's inside story

He gives a new lease of life to anything from a goldfish to a gorilla—and does it without spoiling the expression on its face

by RICHARD COLLIER

NOT LONG AGO, a goldfish named Sydney, who for years had occupied a tank of honour at Ironmongers' Hall, in the City of London, died at the age of fifteen. The Worshipful Company of Ironmongers, who cherished Sydney as a blitz survivor, decided to preserve him as a mascot. Wrapping him carefully in cotton wool, they sent him through the post to a burly, dark-haired naturalist of forty-six named Charles Gerrard.

Gerrard, who is probably the world's best-known taxidermist, is quite accustomed to receiving goldfish, crocodiles, and even elephants, in his morning mail. These arrive at his studios in Camden Town, North-West London, from such diverse sources as museums in Malaya, sportsmen in Nairobi and pet-owners in Tooting, so that his staff of fifteen are normally kept busy coping with over 3,000 complicated jobs of resurrection every year. "In the hundred years that the firm's been going," says Charles, "we must have given a new lease of life to over 400,000 animals."

Sydney, the goldfish, was the kind of routine job that Charles handles every day of the week. Before he skinned the fish, Charles first placed it in a mould and took a plaster cast. The skin was then sewn over the cast, painted with silver leaf and left to dry. A touch of gold paint, a further drying-out period, and Sydney was as good as new. Six weeks later they reinstalled him triumphantly in Ironmongers' Hall.

Charles tackles most of the smaller animals and birds that are sent to him in the same way. The first stage is normally the skinning, which has to be done within a few hours of arrival; only animals sent from abroad have their skins "cured"—treated with alum to preserve them—in advance. After that, Charles or one of his assistants constructs a roughly cylindrical body of excelsior (wood wool shavings) and binds it tightly with cobbler's hemp. Then the skin itself is wired for strengthening, with a central wire passing from the tail through the body and terminating in the head, and two smaller gauge wires, which pass through each hind leg and are clenched inside the body. Finally, the skin is shaped round the body and sewn tightly over it.

Giving An Owl That Wise Look

Charles then completes the first stage of the job by applying a special preservative wash, which is made up from spirits of wine and corrosive sublimate and sprayed on with a scent atomizer. The subsequent "drying out," which fixes the fur or feathers, takes anything from three to six weeks, and not until it is finally complete does Charles fit in the eyes. To fit them in sooner is risky; the skin might wrinkle while drying and cause them to bulge.

Often it is the smallest animals that present the biggest problems. Owls, for example, have to look both wise and wide-eyed, so that Ted Paul, Charles's seventy-six year old bird expert, has the gruesome job of removing their eyes and brains by way of their mouth every time he stuffs them—"to take the head off for the job and sew it on again would ruin the expression." Fish like the pike can be equally tricky—"it has 10,000 silver horse-shoes on its skin, no more and no less, and all of them have to be touched up by hand." Pets are sometimes simpler, since it is usually possible to ask the owner's advice, but complications can arise even here. One Peke had to be refashioned three times before the craftsman had caught "that bright look of expectancy it used to have when we offered it plum cake."

Charles himself ran into the same kind of trouble some years ago, when trainer Sydney Orton offered him the job of mounting the greatest greyhound of all time, Mick the Miller. A greyhound is normally reckoned to be a six-week job, and Charles had almost finished the work when Orton, who was delighted with his progress, called in various experts from the greyhound breeding world for a sneak preview. Some

Marie Stopes, the undaunted crusader

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

She is *for* "constructive" birth control; *against* smoking, and sex talks in schools. She admits with relish that many hate her views

A REDDISH-HAIRED scientist who is usually known only as one of the world's most articulate advocates of constructive birth control, Marie Carmichael Stopes is also an international authority on coal, an acknowledged expert on palaeontology (the study of extinct organized beings), a connoisseur of Japanese plays and a poet of some merit.

So diverse are her activities that friends frequently ask how she has time for them all. Then, Marie Stopes becomes most intense, her large eyes light up and her otherwise gentle voice is filled with scorn. "I don't think you are grown up until you are seventy," she declares. "I intend to live until I am 140 or 160. How old am I now? Twenty-six. I'm always twenty-six."

Whether Dr. Stopes—she insists on the title because of her scientific, not medical, degrees—is twenty-six or sixty-two (which is more likely), she is, of course, no ordinary mortal, a fact that is agreed on by those, including herself, who view her as a modern Joan of Arc and the others who assail her as "a more terrible foe to morality, liberty, progress and all for which Christianity stands than 10,000 mental deficients."

"How they hate me!" the embattled doctor says, not without relish. She might add, but does not, that her associates worship her and hold the view that "her crusade is a necessary one and she herself is worthy not only of this generation's respect but of its gratitude." The crusade is currently prospering with the printing of the one millionth copy of *Married Love* by Dr. Stopes. This record almost places the book in the *Gone With the Wind* class amongst best sellers. It also fulfils the prophecy made by its author more than thirty years ago.

Book That Began The Storm

She announced then that *Married Love* would reach the million mark. The original publisher did not agree and reduced the print order from 10,000 to 7,000 copies. He lived long enough to find himself sitting up all night to fill orders for the book. It first appeared in 1918 and has since been translated into German, Spanish, Danish, Swedish, Dutch, Hungarian, Czech, Afrikaans, Portuguese, Arabic, Chinese and Norwegian. The book was the original storm centre for the praise and calumny which have distinguished Dr. Stopes for the past thirty-two years.

The mud which has been slung at the doctor might well have caused a lesser figure to shrink into obscurity. It has not deterred Marie Stopes. On the contrary, her hat—she favours a wide-brimmed floppy variety—has sailed into many and varied arenas. Dr. Stopes has publicly pronounced herself *for*: home-made bread, undomesticated marriage, the colour blue, lighthouses, and coconut to keep tits from tearing up paper and attacking towels. She is a self-proclaimed fighter *against*: prams, pasteurized milk, saccharine for humans, sex education in schools and smoking.

"Not one of my ancestors ever used tobacco," she declares while welcoming a visitor to her Norbury Park home near Dorking. The drawing room of this magnificent residence contains a printed sign: "No smoking in *this* room please." The sign also appears in the library of her London clinic where the explanation has been added that "Clean air *is* vital to health."

Norbury Park was the home of Fanny Burney, the novelist friend of Dr Johnson. During the war it was visited on seven occasions by the emissaries of another non-smoker and non-drinker. The bombs from their planes shook the handsome grey house which served as an aerial landmark for the Nazi raiders. Dr. Stopes is not so sure that the bombs were not intended for her personally. "Hitler," she says, "was, of course, opposed to my ideas." Mussolini was also among her adversaries who have come to no good end.

Marie Stopes in 1948. For years, she has allowed few photographs to be taken for publication

Opposition to Dr. Stopes does not always materialize. This is something that was brought home to her when she opened the first birth control clinic in the British Empire in 1921. Birth control and contraception had not gained the wide acceptance they have today and the doctor's friends warned her that the clinic would probably be closed by the police. "A policeman did turn up," Dr. Stopes recalls. "He walked up and down outside all day. Then, just before we closed, he came in—and asked for advice!"

The clinic—it is in Whitfield Street in London—still functions. In the past year, it has handled 27,942 cases. "They come from all walks of life," says Sister Jones, a blue-eyed matronly figure who has been working there for the past ten years.

"We see nothing of the 'frivolous type' which opponents say patronize birth control clinics," Dr. Stopes declares. A sample group of the first 10,000 women who attended the clinic does indeed show that 9,912 were married, only five were unmarried and already mothers, and eighty-three were engaged couples. Of these first ten thousand, 8,252 had already borne children.

The term "birth control" is one which Dr. Stopes does not like. Actually, its invention is credited to Margaret Sanger, who has performed a similar rôle in America to the one Dr. Stopes plays in Britan. The two pioneers, both women of forceful personality, do not always see eye to eye. Dr. Stopes feels the phrase "birth control" has acquired the negative aspect of a preventative measure, while she means it to have a more positive significance. "Constructive birth control," which is the doctor's slogan, includes aid to childless married women who want children as well as information on how to plan an ideal family.

"A woman," Dr. Stopes says, "cannot have more than four or five children today without misery. Any more than that is an undue strain on the mother." The doctor has had two children herself. The first was an eight and three-quarter pound boy who died in infancy. The second, born in 1924, was also eight and three-quarter pounds and a boy. His birth was regarded

Prewar picture of Marie Stopes with her son. She has written a book on how to raise children

as a nine-day wonder by people who had been led to believe erroneously that Marie Stopes was interested only in prevention and not production.

It was possibly to impress on the public that she wanted this child that Dr. Stopes heightened the sensation by describing for a Sunday paper the circumstances under which her second son was conceived. "On a stone tower high above the sea, with the sea all around it and the brilliant blue sky above, in a blaze of sunlight, he was called into being," she wrote. "There, as night fell, and the blue darkened into a purple curtain spangled with great stars, his mother lay under the sky, high above the world all night. With each of the many falling stars which left a blazing track across that brilliant canopy went wishes for the baby's future—wishes that must not be told because we know the old adage that 'a wish with a shooting star which isn't told comes true.' "

The doctor's love of children was also documented by a book on how to raise them. (It is one of her list of twenty-one publications on sociological matters, forty-odd scientific papers, four books on botany, one on travel and six of plays or poetry.) Her fondness for babies is also illustrated by portraits of bonny infants which decorate the walls of her birth control clinic.

Colour That Fascinates Her

The clinic is distinguished by a colour scheme in blue, a hue that holds a deep fascination for Dr. Stopes. The particular shade the doctor fancies was used for the dining-room of the home at Givons Grove near Leatherhead bought for Dr. Stopes by her second husband, and father of her children, the late Humphrey Verdon Roe. An aviation pioneer, Roe and his brother formed the firm which produced the first *Avro* biplane in 1910. Even before meeting Dr. Stopes, Roe had been interested in birth control work. These principles, now widely accepted, were in such disfavour that even in 1917 Roe was advised by his solicitors not to include bequests to birth control groups in his will. They said that such bequests might result in probate being refused.

Roe made the will before going to France as a pilot. He returned, wounded, and married Marie Stopes. The ceremony, however, did not result in any change of the lady's name. She found justification in the law for retaining her maiden name and even threatened with legal action any groups which persisted in addressing her as Mrs. Roe. The custom of the bride retaining her maiden name is an old Scottish and Norwegian one, and on this issue Dr. Stopes was able to confound her conservative critics by arguing that she was the one who was upholding tradition.

Dr. Stopes's stand on this question undoubtedly saved countless librarians from the task of re-indexing her prolific output of scientific papers. These include *On the Tent Building Habits of the Ant Lasius Niger Linn in Japan* (with Dr. Gordon Hewitt), *Terminology in Coal Research* (with Prof. R. V. Wheeler), and *The Four Visible Ingredients in Banded Bituminous Coal.* Coal interested Dr. Stopes in her rôle as a palaeobotanist (a botanist who is interested in the plant life of millions of years ago). "I use palaeobotany to sharpen my mind," Dr. Stopes declares. In her country home she has a well-stocked laboratory which is visited by scientists from all over the world. "I am always discovering things," the doctor says. "I could easily fill forty-eight hours a day with my work."

Dictation Among The Weeds

Three secretaries help Dr. Stopes deal with correspondence that reaches her from every part of the world. They take dictation from the doctor wherever inspiration finds her. As likely as not, this occurs in the garden, where Dr. Stopes combines weeding with oral composition. Or it may be at the Portland Bill lighthouse—"my little old Dorset lighthouse"—where the doctor indulges her love of swimming. She was plunged into the sea at the age of nine months and has never lost interest in salt water.

Her father was responsible for her interest in fossils which led to her studies in palaeobotany. "My father," Dr. Stopes says, "was the greatest man I've ever met. He amassed the largest collection of prehistoric stone implements in the world and he transmitted to me his passionate interest in them." Dr. Stopes's father was also interested in cats and excelled in training them. One pet was taught to sit at table with the children and eat from its own plate, a feat that made a deep impression on Marie and the only other child, a younger sister. According to family history, Marie, until the age of eight or nine, firmly believed the cat to be her brother.

This naïve approach to the facts of life was, however, countered by young Marie's ideas on family limitation. Her mother once asked: "What should I do if I had a dozen children?" The future birth control expert calmly replied: "You would drown all the others and keep Winnie and me!"

Marie was sent to school first in Edinburgh and later in London. When she was seventeen she distinguished herself at North London Collegiate School by deputizing for an absent chemistry mistress over a period of six weeks, taking all the school chemistry classes, including her own. She pursued her scientific studies at University College, London, and at the University of Munich, where she was the only woman among 5,000 men students. "I was at a German university at the beginning of this century," she says, "and I learned what it was to be really loved. That I was made much of, petted, danced with, made love to in various and romantic circumstances and asked in marriage did not interfere with my daily round of hard scientific work leading to a Ph.D. in biological science."

In Munich she was waiting one day to be admitted to a friend's house when a regiment of goose-stepping German soldiers came marching down the street. Their officers marched on the pavement beside the troops and, since the pavement was very narrow, it was evident that either the officers or Marie would have to give way. She remembered her father telling her that "Properly handled, every man in the world is either a gentleman or a servant and a lady could have no difficulty with either." So Marie just looked through the approaching German officers. The regiment halted, the officers blustered, Marie still gave no sign that she either saw or heard them. Tension rose. Finally the regiment were ordered forward—and they goose-stepped past Miss Stopes—with the officers in the gutter.

Inspired By Marriage Failure

The woman who stood up against a regiment of Prussians faced even greater odds when, in 1918, she published *Married Love* and embarked on her career as a prophet. This book was actually the outcome of Dr. Stopes's own unsuccessful first marriage, a union which is discreetly described in her official autobiography as "the legal matrimonial entanglement which proved itself no true marriage." Dr. Stopes tackled her personal problem with characteristic energy. She read in the British Museum every book on sex in English, French and German. After this research, the doctor wrote *Married Love*, combining sex information with her newly developed theories on marital relations. Contraception was only touched on briefly. She later wrote a textbook on this subject.

Birth control, however, is the subject the public connects with Dr. Stopes. Her views on it brought her inevitably into conflict with the Roman Catholic Church, with which she has been fighting a running battle for three decades. "My major battle is won." she says.

With a glint in her eye, the doctor describes how she wrote one book to answer religious critics and, to make sure it got the attention she felt it deserved, Dr. Stopes marched with the first copy into the citadel of her opponents. "I chained the book to the altar rail of Westminster Cathedral," she declares. "Did it stay there long? Long enough to create a stir."

Her Three-point Philosophy

While the world knows Marie Stopes for her birth control crusade, this campaign is only one aspect of her three-point philosophy. One's first duty, she says, is to sharpen one's brain, and this she has achieved through her scientific studies. The second is to repay one's debt to society, and this is why she carries on her birth control work. The third side of her interests is poetry, which she writes for her enjoyment.

"Inspiration comes to me with extraordinary impulsion," she declares. "It takes me by the hair of my head. The poem *Tokio Snow* insisted on being born when I was on a bicycle by the Emperor's Palace in Tokio hurrying to the university." Other poems come to her during the night and she writes them down in the dark.

"Your scientific background is interesting," George Bernard Shaw once told Dr. Stopes. "It produces an impersonality that is new in love poems and gives them unusual dignity. You are a poet all right. It can't be helped."

Not so long ago Dr. Stopes quoted another Shavian compliment when, in answer to the question, "Who are the best contemporary writers?" she replied: "I asked the same question of Bernard Shaw and he replied there were three immortals now writing: himself, myself and Lord Alfred Douglas." THE END

Man of spirit

by DUDLEY HOYS

ILLUSTRATED BY GOSS

Sir John was big, bluff, hard as granite. The artist looked a timid "softie." The joke suggested itself . . .

IT WAS A VERY WET AFTERNOON when I went to look over Pele Hall. The lower end of the dale loomed out of the obscurity. The damp gleam of a granite wall topped by rhododendrons slid into view, followed by a massive gateway. It seemed rather shocking that this swart and ancient home of old Garthie must pass to strangers.

For eighty-three years his body and soul had lived here — a strong, square-shouldered body topped by a broad red face with a long clean-shaven upper lip and hard, blue-grey eyes. He had looked more like one of his own tenant fell farmers than Sir John Garthwaite, twelfth baronet.

Only three cars were parked outside the main doorway. Catalogue in hand, I walked inside and began to wander through the silent rooms. The house had little plan about it. Rooms had been added here and there through the centuries. Its comfort was of a dour kind, plain, heavy furniture, masculine carpets, sporting pictures. Old Garthie, no doubt, had got rid of any frail elegancies that irritated a man of his type.

A water-colour in the drawing-room attracted me. It was a picture of Burnmoor in winter, with the frozen tarn in the foreground backed by Great How and Scafell, huge, cold, forbidding masses under an icy-blue sky. Most West Cumbrians know that view. There was nothing particular about the picture to make it notable. And yet the longer I looked at it, the more I became aware of something queer. The scene had been depicted faithfully enough, but somehow it was unreal, and a little crazy at that.

There came a distraction. Soft footsteps stirred in the room. It was Tryson, the old butler. I knew him slightly, and he smiled at me.

"Studying yon picture?"

"Yes. I can't think why, but it's peculiar. Not many people here today," I added. "Luckily they've arranged two days for viewing."

He nodded, and I said gently: "It's a great pity that everything's got to be sold. A great-nephew in South Africa, isn't it?"

"Ay. Sent instructions to get rid of the lot." He sighed. "Maybe it's as well. Now Garthie's gone——"

"You'd been with him a long time?"

"Fifty-one years." He raised his ancient face. "They don't breed them like Garthie these days. Why," he went on proudly, "on his eightieth birthday he had a gill o' brandy at breakfast, and then what did he do but go out fifteen miles on the fells an' help gather Herdwicks for clippin'. Ay, he was a good one." He glanced at the picture. "And he liked his joke, too."

"If you'd care to tell me?"

Tryson talked, and his memory went back to a different world. . . .

"Enough to make anyone sick," said Garthie bluntly. Lee kept silent. That made things worse

GARTHIE lived the physical life of half a dozen men in those days. He was the squire in the best sense of the word, with no time for the soft enjoyment of such places as London and Paris. The dale was his world, and a tenant in genuine trouble could be sure of help. It was not just a matter of giving money or foregoing rent. His own powerful hands would take a share in mowing the hay.

He had been known to scythe a three-acre field in nine hours. For a bet he had clipped a hundred Herdwicks in a day, doing the job cleanly and leaving just sufficient "rise" on their bodies to protect them from any sudden cold spell that might smite the higher fells in summer.

At Cumberland wrestling he had held the all-weights championship until Tryson threw him. Garthie was so delighted, he had insisted that his conqueror, then a shepherd, should take a job at Pele Hall as a handyman. That was how Tryson had graduated towards becoming butler.

What particularly impressed the dalesfolk was the way he could eat and drink and smoke. Always a cigar jutted from the left corner of his mouth. Every week he got through two dozen of port and half a dozen of brandy. He would take an enormous plain dinner late in the evening, wash it down with more port and brandy, and be up at five with the hunt, his steel-shod feet clattering over the dawn-streaked fells and tackling ugly crag-faces with the agility of a cat.

As for his jokes, they were rough, hearty and unsubtle. He would shake hands with an unsuspecting tramp, nearly crush the man's finger bones in his terrific grip, and then give him a sovereign to help him forget that aching tingle.

For weaklings and gentle pursuits he had no use at all. That was how David Lee, the artist, came to fall foul of him. Lee, a frail little man with a white face and a skimpy fair beard, lived at Branscale, ten miles away on the coast. On fine days he carted his impedimenta inland and made watercolours of the mountains. Occasionally he sold one, but his standard of living

Continued on page 27

A prospector pans for gold in Alaska. Smily used this method in his first get-rich-quick venture. His earnings: seven shillings a day

How I struck gold

by POWELL SMILY

The first time, we used a frying pan. Then the camera took over and the day of the pack-and-pick pioneer had gone. Now the hunt for precious metals goes on in aircraft flying at a thousand feet

BACK IN 1932, Canada produced about 4,000,000 fine ounces of gold, valued at some £35,000,000. Of that total, I personally contributed two ounces, worth roughly £22 17s. 6d.

There was nothing scientific about my technique; I simply bought myself a tenpenny frying pan, cut off the handle, and dipped the dismembered utensil in the North Saskatchewan River. I dipped for roughly eight hours a day over a period of two months, and succeeded in capturing enough of the precious stuff to pay me a little better than seven shillings a day.

My partner in the enterprise (now a university professor of political science) was either luckier or more efficient than I. He accumulated 2½ ounces in that two-month stretch, thereby topping my earnings by something like £5 16s. 8d.

Of course, we didn't do any preliminary prospecting. We merely selected a spot on the river bank suitable for sleeping and eating, and then waited for the tiny particles of gold to be washed down by the current within reach of our pans from worked-out claims in the mountains, or perhaps from veins not large enough to be commercially attractive. (It takes about four tons of crushed ore—or less—to produce one ounce of gold on a profitable basis.) Nevertheless, our experience does provide an illustration of how things used to be—a straight battle between man and mineral, with no extraneous interference.

Prospecting By Station Wagon

Compare that with an afternoon I spent in Ottawa early last summer. An acoustics engineer from the National Research Council, whom I knew quite well, asked: "How'd you like to go prospecting? I'm not joking," he continued. "Wait till I get the station wagon loaded up, and I'll show you."

Half an hour later, we were driving through the Gatineau Hills, twenty-five miles or so from the capital. In the back of the station wagon were an oscillograph screen, several lengths of half-inch cable, a camera, a detonator and a box full of dynamite caps, and a couple of crowbars. Eventually, my friend stopped the car at a spot in the heart of the hills. "This looks like a good place," he said. "Let's set off some dynamite."

Acting on his instructions, I dug half a dozen widely spaced holes in the earth with one of the crowbars. Into every hole, the engineer lowered a length of cable, the other end of each length being connected with the silograph screen. Then he gouged another hole, off to one side, pushed in a dynamite cap, and wired the detonator to it.

"Set up the screen and the camera," he called. I obediently adjusted the synchronizing mechanism on the camera and focused the lens on the screen—which I had propped against the back seat of the car. After that, things happened almost too fast for me to follow. My friend pushed the plunger, detonating the dynamite. A split second later, a jagged line like a streak of black lightning flashed across the screen, and the camera shutter clicked.

"It's very simple," the acoustics expert explained. "When the dynamite cap went off, it set in motion a chain of sound waves. Those waves travelled right down to bedrock, rebounded, and were picked up by the geophones —those little crystal amplifiers embedded in the ends of the cables. The cables transmitted the amplifications to the screen, where they produced the visible impulse you saw; and the camera took a picture of the impulse.

"We can now tell whether or not there's liable to be a mineral deposit in this immediate area. By studying the photograph the camera just took, we can tell how many 'faults' or crevices there are in the bedrock here. As a general rule, you find your valuable ore deposits in geological faults. So, you see, we actually have been prospecting."

That technique, called "echo ranging," was developed originally as an anti-submarine device. Applied to prospecting, it is a long way removed from the tradition of the tump line, the blanket roll, the blazed trail and the bottle of fly oil. The old order has changed so greatly in recent years that in many respects the prospector is following a new profession.

What has happened is that in Canada, and elsewhere throughout the mining world, mineral exploitation has entered the scientific phase. The period is largely past when a greenhorn could go off into the wilderness with his pack and his pick and his good-luck charm, and come back a millionaire. In fact, there is now very little sense in even starting out on a prospecting jaunt unless and until you know pretty well where you are going and what you can expect to find when you get there.

For instance, word came out of the Yukon last autumn that another gold strike had been made there. Within a matter of days, thousands of clerks, cooks and commissionaires had quit their jobs and become short-term sourdoughs, lured by the prospect of ready-made riches. Altogether, more than 3,000 hopeful claim-stakers streamed along the old Dawson City trail, where the famous "rush" of the nineties took place.

This time, however, there was no pot of gold at the end of the aurora borealis. The strike turned out to be a strike-out—to use a North American sporting term—and for months afterwards, disconsolate prospectors, including hundreds of old-timers who should have known better than to go in at all, were straggling back to the "outside."

My "Strike" In The Woods

I myself made a "strike" in British Columbia which also died an early death. I was staying on Bowen Island, a short distance out from Vancouver Harbour, my host being a mining promoter who had been most successful in the Bridge River district. In most respects, the house was a palatial establishment; but, like many Canadian summer homes, its plumbing was non-existent. Every so often, it became necessary to dig another hole "out behind."

On the occasion in question, I was earnestly wielding an energetic spade, when I struck something hard. A little more effort and I uncovered what, even to my unpractised eye, was recognizable as auriferous quartz. Since Bowen Island is noted chiefly for the view from Black Mountain, the excellence of the farmland and the total lack of mining activity of any shape or form, I at once saw myself as the founder of a new local industry—to say nothing of a personal fortune.

"Look!" I cried breathlessly, dashing up to the house. "I found gold back in the woods."

My host removed the quartz from my trembling hands. "That dam' dog!" he exclaimed irritably. "He's always taking this sample from the mantelpiece and burying it somewhere. Thinks it's a bone, I guess."

The simple fact is that practically all the

Newer style prospecting. Geologists in Labrador are picked up by helicopter. Gold is still where you find it but there's little chance of taking out a lucky charm and coming back a millionaire

Newest style. Inside prospecting plane, pilot watches graph drawn by towed magnetometer

favourable mining territory in Canada has been examined and re-examined, with the inevitable result that the deposits which are commercially accessible have been discovered. Even those which are buried beneath hundreds of feet of glacial debris are on record, marked for future reference when the mines which are at present producing show signs that the returns are diminishing.

One of the methods used to find these underground storehouses is to go 1,000 feet or so *above* the ground. Some time ago I made a flight in a Royal Canadian Air Force plane from Rockcliffe Airfield, just outside Ottawa, "towing a bird around."

Graph That Tells The Secrets

"The Bird" was something which looked like a small bomb. It was fastened behind and below the aircraft by means of an insulated cable leading into the pilot's cabin. In the instrument panel had been installed a pencil affair so adjusted that it made contact with a self-winding roll of graph paper. Back in the body of the plane, where I was sitting, an aerial photographer operated a vertical camera, and the navigator kept a second-by-second check on the plane's position.

We cruised around for an hour or so, "The Bird" trailing behind, the pencil making marks on the graph paper, the camera photographing each foot of territory beneath, and the navigator checking his flight lines. I spent the time in a state of mild bewilderment, a condition which wasn't improved in the slightest when we landed. No sooner had we touched down than the pilot handed the graph paper to someone who rushed it off to the Government laboratory, the photographer took his rolls of film to the developing-room, and the rest of us went off to the mess for a drink.

It wasn't until nearly a week later that I learned the significance of the flight. "The Bird" is known officially as the "airborne magnetometer." It measures the magnetic lines of force which are given off by many minerals. It doesn't matter that the minerals are buried deep beneath ice and snow, or in the midst of marshlands; those lines of force still escape vertically, and can be "picked up" at heights up to 10,000 feet.

The magnetometer does the picking up, and a geologist can study the lines made on the graph paper by the highly sensitive pencil—which functions according to the impulses sent to it along the cable—and can therefore form an accurate opinion as to what kind of mineral, and how much of it, is to be found in the area over which the plane has passed. The camera photographs the area, and thus gives its location, in conjunction with the navigator's flight lines.

In other words, "The Bird" is an airborne prospector. Since being adapted from a wartime defence weapon, it has discovered tremendously rich deposits of iron ore, petroleum and other minerals in Canada. It cannot discover gold, however, because gold is non-magnetic.

It is difficult to say which is the more disconcerting—to be looking for something and not find it, or to miss the same thing simply because you are not looking for it. An acquaintance of mine named Larry Wray (Air Commodore Wray, R.C.A.F.) was flying on a photographic mission in the Northwest Territories of Canada one afternoon in the early thirties. In those days, airmen universally employed a professional technique known as "flying by the seat of your pants." That is, they guided their craft as much by instinct as by instrumental direction; radar and many other of the now standard safety devices had not then been invented.

On this particular day, Wray ran into some engine trouble and had to set his pontoon-equipped plane down on the surface of a northern lake. After investigating the mechanical ailment, he and his cameraman waded ashore for a smoke. "Where I was sitting," Wray now says sadly, "is the site of the Negus gold mine. I had a million dollars right under me and didn't know it."

Man Who Threw Away A Fortune

A similar fate befell a timber-cruiser who was working on a railway construction gang in Northern Ontario in 1903. He was searching the woods along the right-of-way for timber suitable for cutting into railroad-sleepers. As he walked along, he picked up several pieces of rock which glistened in the sunlight. He glanced at them curiously, then threw them away. It was not until a week later that a blacksmith named Larose, also working with the gang, recognized the glistening substance as silver. Word of his "find" got back to Toronto, and thus the famous Cobalt rush was started.

On the other hand, Pieter Jacob Marais knew exactly what he was looking for, but didn't find it. Marais had participated in the '49 gold rush in California, and had subsequently drifted down to the Bendigo Diggings in Australia. In 1853, he turned up in South Africa's Witwatersrand (Ridge of White Waters). He was an experienced prospector, and knew from the first sample assays he took in South Africa that there was gold in the Rand. But he turned the wrong way. He went north instead of south, and so missed the main lode. It was not until 1884 that the lode was actually discovered, and then the circumstances were equally as fortuitous as in the case of the Cobalt silver.

What happened in South Africa was that a prospector, George Harrison, with a friend named Walker, spent a year trying to find gold in the Rand. They met with little success, and finally Harrison was forced to fall back on his old trade, masonry. He and Walker undertook to build a house near Langlaagte for a Mrs. Anna Oosthuizen, a farm widow.

The Biggest Gold Find Of All

One afternoon the two men were walking through some long grass on the farm property and tripped over a hidden out-cropping. They at once recognized the outcropping as being partly formed of quartzite, and thus the famous Main Reef Series was discovered. Harrison subsequently disappeared, and Walker sold his interest in the deposit for £60. That was not much when you consider that South Africa now produces sixty per cent of the world's gold, with an average annual value of nearly £150,000,000.

Generally speaking, prospectors do not get rich. Occasionally someone like Bill Wright, a Canadian, will discover a rich vein and have sense enough to stake a claim to it (and afterwards become a millionaire), but in a great many cases it is the promoters—like Cecil Rhodes and Barney Barnato in South Africa—who turn minerals into money.

Perhaps that is why science has now sided with the prospectors—to give them a helping hand in their constant search for mineral wealth. The Geiger counter, for example (of which more than 3,000 have been sold in North America since the war), has made it possible for uranium to be found much more easily than gold.

Unless you are fore-armed with as much scientific data as possible, relative to the area you plan to prospect, you might as well stay home. But if you have that data—well, another Canadian, named Williamson, studied maps and geological reports and other relevant material, and then went out to Tanganyika and discovered the world's richest diamond mine.

That is prospecting in the modern manner. Gold—like all the other precious minerals—is still where you find it, but the finding, without the help of preliminary paper-work, is becoming more difficult every day. THE END

THE SCARLET SWORD

by H. E. BATES

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

Butchering everything in their path, the Pathans now stormed the mission—the mission crowded with women and children. Crane's first thoughts were for Julie

CRANE AWOKE WITH THE MOON full on his face, in a vivid nightmare of screaming. For a moment he didn't know where he was, and then, as the screaming continued, he heard the voice of Colonel Mathieson shouting to him, and everything clicked sharply into place. . . .

A few hours before, he had arrived at the Mission in Kashmir, jaded and weary with reporting the fighting that the partition of India had brought in its wake. Kashmir was obviously a danger spot. Crane had to be there.

Met by Father Simpson, one of the two English priests in charge of the Mission, he had voiced his suspicion that the Mission would not be long left in peace. "A very nice target for somebody."

Horrified, Father Simpson replied: "It's unthinkable."

"The more unthinkable it is," said Crane sardonically, "the more they think of it."

At the Mission, Father Anstey, colleague of Father Simpson, had news. "There has been an invasion by Pathans in the north. They are coming down, butchering everywhere."

The Mission had soon filled up with Europeans and Indian villagers, taking refuge. Crane, Father Simpson, and Colonel Mathieson, a retired intelligence officer, had dug a trench. Crane met Janet McAlister, a Scottish nurse who was taking holy orders. He also met Julie Maxted, a young English girl, and her chattering, empty-headed mother. In his highly strung, irritable state, he seemed to have antagonized the girl. He was sorry about that. He'd apologize tomorrow. . . .

Crane shared a room with Colonel Mathieson. It seemed that his eyes had hardly closed before the screaming began. He struggled out of bed, still stunned with sleep. And then the rifle bullet smashed the window above his head.

PART 2

The Attack

WHEN Crane rushed out into the corridor, only realizing at that moment that his feet, still without shoes, were even colder than the rest of his body, he at once fell down. It did not occur to him until much later that this was a purely instinctive thing. A whole volley of rifle fire was sweeping through the Mission and fifty children seemed to be screaming for every shot. It was dark and he did not know where he was. He heard the wild yelling of a man's voice and he shouted: "Is that you, Colonel? For God's sake what's happening?" But the only answer was another yell that seemed to set off, somewhere in the direction of the main ward, another volley of fire with another trail of screams.

All this time he was lying on his face. He lay there for perhaps fifteen seconds or so but it seemed, between the two sets of screams, like a terribly long time. He lay thinking: I ought to go back for my shoes. It's important. I ought to have them. I shall need them. The floors are dirty and I shall get foot-worms. And then he was running. His stockinged feet on the stone floor of the corridor were numb.

At the end of the corridor a door was banging on its lock, as if someone had just gone through. He pushed it open. He fell immediately over the body of an Indian woman lying face upwards in the room beyond. His feet touched her face, but she did not move or groan. His revulsion at this sensation of his shoeless feet touching the dead face was so great that it impelled him forward in a slobbering burst of panic: "Colonel!

He spread his hands across her shoulders, smoo

Janet McAlister realized the Pathan was coming straight for her. He was only a few yards away. It was too late to run

g the cloak like a blanket. He wanted suddenly to crawl under the cloak and lie down with her. Instead he said: "Stay here. Whatever happens, stay here"

For God's sake, where are you, Colonel?" he shouted. "Colonel! Where are you?"

To his astonishment the colonel answered from fifteen or twenty feet away.

"Crane!" he yelled. "I can't find my wife and Mrs. Maxted. I can't find them!"

A fresh outburst of rifle fire, with women and children screaming in frenzy, came from the main part of the building, and Crane said, abruptly calmed by the voice of the colonel: "They're probably in the trenches."

"Will you look there? I'll go to the main hall."

"Where are we?" Crane said. "I haven't the vaguest——"

"We're behind the refectory!" the colonel shouted. "There's a door here—you can go this way. Outside."

Crane began to speak again but he heard the banging of another door and he knew a moment later, in the darkness that was now acridly shot with smoke, that the colonel was not there.

He groped his way through the refectory, feeling with his hands along the table. The windows had been hurriedly blacked-out with what seemed to be old Franciscan habits of Father Anstey and Father Simpson, so that the moonlight came through as a brown, burnt glow. He snatched one of them down. Moonlight flowed in with white brilliance, so that he was able to find his way through the door at the far end.

Just as he had reached it he remembered the brown habit he had left on the floor. A burst of firing and a new torrent of screams came from the middle of the building as he picked it up. It would come in useful, he thought; he could wrap someone in it, perhaps a child; and as he reached the door this thought prompted another: the notion, for some reason, that it might even give him immunity.

Then, as he walked out into the full glare of moonlight, he remembered his own words to Father Simpson: *"Nowadays they make targets of anything."*

He walked across the terrace, folding the brown Franciscan habit in his hands. The eastern end of the building was on fire, pouring smoke down the lower terraces in grey clouds, under the line of moon. He remembered the trench. He scrambled down the bank below the terrace, feeling the dew through his socks as he landed on the flat grass below. He remembered Mrs. Maxted and Miss Maxted and Mrs. Mathieson.

In that moment an Indian woman ran screaming from the door of the hospital, halting thirty or forty yards away from him, seeing him in the moonlight. He wanted to shout at her that it was all right, that she must go to the trench, that nothing would happen, but he remembered suddenly how the words he would shout in English would be to her only strange words, the foreign idiom simply a new sort of terror. Even as he thought it he opened his mouth and in the same moment two Mahsuds, the first Pathans he had seen, ran down from the hospital building, swinging rifles.

He heard her scream as she turned to run. He saw her run backwards a little, and then sideways, caught in the trap of the two Mahsuds charging down on her. She looked like a little dark rabbit, terrified and blinded by light, not knowing which way to run. He heard her scream again and he saw her put up her hands.

He heard the sickening blow of the Mahsud rifle-butt as it hit her across the skull. He felt the bone break in it as if it were his own bone, her final frantic whimpering as if it were his own heart crying. He stood for a second or two in sickness, his horror draining coldly down to his cold feet. Then they picked her up. They stood her on her feet as a child stands a doll. He knew that she was dead as she stood there for a fraction of another second before she began to fall down. Then as she fell down one Mahsud seized her clothing, pulling her upright, but she had fallen too far and now her bodice ripped away. He heard it slit down and saw its whiteness parting

as if it were a skin, slitting away and showing her brown body beneath. He saw all of her brown, dead figure in the second before it fell for the last time.

He stood watching for a few moments longer and then it was all over and he walked down to the trench. The sourness of fallen apples was mingled with the odour of fire, the one crushed and musty and acid, the other choking and dry, so that he was forced to stand still for a moment, under the skeleton apple-boughs, because he had to be sick.

WHEN he could be sick no longer he went on to the trench. He felt already that no one could be there. The scene on the terrace would have set them screaming, he thought. Then as he got to the trench he was astonished to see it full of upturned faces, moon-pale and terrorized and waiting in silence for him to come. They looked, with their dead-dark eyes, like a long grave of skulls.

"Who's here?" he said. "Is Mrs. Mathieson here?"

"Oh! Mother of God, Mr. Crane. It's me, McAlister."

"Who's with you?"

"Myself with seven or eight of the nuns. And about twenty women."

"Isn't Mrs. Mathieson here? Or Mrs. Maxted?"

"No."

"Nor Miss Maxted?"

"No."

Women were crying and whimpering. A man nursing a child farther down the trench said: "There are more nuns and some women in the vines."

"I'll go and look there," he said. "Are you all right, Miss McAlister?"

"Fine," she said. "We're fine."

"Good."

"It's no worse than Saturday night in Glasgow," she said, and laughed.

With the echo of this incredible sound in his mind he walked down to the second of the terraces, where the vines made long, grey-blue alleys in the moonlight. He stood on the path and called gently, almost in a whisper: "Is Mrs. Mathieson there? Mrs. Maxted?"

A figure, startlingly white, came up the path. It was Miss Maxted. She seemed to look right past him and she spoke as if he were a casual acquaintance at a party: as if beyond him there were countless other figures, more important, among whom she was searching.

"I can't find my mother. I can't see my mother."

She suddenly broke into running, her head held desperately forward, her breath sobbing. She actually ran a yard or two past him before it came to him that she was really running up to the Mission. He held her back by the hands, and she said: "She's absolutely no good alone. She's so awfully helpless."

Violently she pulled herself free. He let her go for another yard without protest. Her long, springy hands slid out of his own coldly, like fish. At that same moment a Pathan rushed across the top terrace, firing his rifle at the moon, awaking in Crane an abrupt and curious emotion against the figure he had let go. It took the form of a hard and protective kind of rage, making him leap after her, partly knocking her down.

She did not seem at all surprised at this clumsy rush at her and she did not speak. In the moment of knocking her down he heard a woman shrieking. It was partly as if the girl herself had shrieked, partly as if the woman he had seen raped on the terrace had come to life again and had renewed her own hideous shrieking, too. A flame shot out of the smoke in the burning eastern wing of the Mission, and he threw Miss Maxted into the vines, slapping his hand across her mouth. He struck his head against one of the bamboo poles on which the vines were trained and the pole cracked off at the base like an echo of the rifle shot, bringing down several yards of vines flatly, like a skeined curtain falling on top of them.

He did not know how long they lay there, covered by vines, and his only sensation came to him very slowly. It was a dull paralysis of his entire right hand. It took him some time to realize that his hand had been rigidly bitten and held by her mouth from the moment he had slapped it there and knocked her down.

Some time later he felt her mouth open loosely, in relief, letting his hand go free. He suddenly felt exhausted. He had not the strength to move his hand away from her face. He simply let it lie there for a few moments longer against her wet mouth until finally she took it in both her own hands and moved it away.

It was only when he kicked the section of

"If that isn't just like a man —buying the first hat you try on just because it looks right"

fallen vines free with his feet that he felt himself at last mentally and physically free. The dregs of his sickness filled his mouth sourly. For a last second or two he lay staring at the moon before the ghastly impact of all he had seen and heard hit him into full wakefulness.

"Where was your mother? Wasn't she with you? Where did you see her last?"

"She went back for her shawl——"

"With Mrs. Mathieson?"

"I think so: yes. I remember now. They were together."

While speaking he pulled himself up to his knees. He squatted on his heels, looking at her face. It was very white in the moonlight; she seemed suddenly much younger than he had thought she was. She looked simply like a scared child, stunned by impalpable terrors. He tried to recall, in a vain and ridiculous moment, the reason for the enmity that had sprung up between them at the Mission. He could not remember what it was that had made him so distraught. The confused and enraging trivialities of a few hours before mocked him. He felt cut with shame, miserably, as after a puerile joke, and, as if to make it sharper, he vividly and involuntarily remembered Father Simpson.

A CHILD began crying, dry and thinly, in the vines. He said something hastily about keeping the children quiet, and the girl said: "It's probably the Meran woman. She was having the baby when I walked up and met you."

The thought of Father Simpson, renewed, filled him with an even sharper concern than the crying child. It affected him as the disappearance of her mother had affected the girl. "She's so awfully helpless." The priest was so like a lumbering dream that he would probably stumble into a gang of murdering Pathans rather as he would walk into the convent sewing class, and so get himself promptly and fiendishly carved up.

Then suddenly he thought: What in hell am I waiting here for? I came to look for Mrs. Mathieson—that's what I came for. . . .

As he got to his feet he remembered the colonel's horrified and desperate cry: "I can't find them!" The girl was sitting up, absently clutching the brown habit he had snatched from the windows of the refectory, and now she said: "You haven't got your shoes on. You came out in your socks."

She looked up at him, distracted because he was not listening. "What are you going to do? Your feet are cold. They're wet and cold. Where are your shoes?"

She touched his feet with her hands and he was vaguely aware of her kneeling there, wrapping them in the priest's habit. But he was still not listening, and she was already speaking again, saying something more about his shoes, before he took his eyes off the figures crowding about the main door of the Mission.

The fire had sprung up freshly again; the roof of the eastern end of the building was burning in a triangle of black and orange. In the light of it he could see ten or a dozen Pathans raging about the steps, swinging rifles like clubs, shouting with bloody, falsetto yells, and he could not get out of his mind the notion that they were butchering Father Simpson and Father Anstey.

His emotion behind this was a sort of enraged affection. He knew suddenly that he had grown very fond of the shy and gentle priest who had dug with himself and the colonel all the afternoon under the apple trees and had taken their banterings with such dignity and amused grace. Over in the far end of the Mission a roof timber split and fell in the fire, raising a redder spout of flame, and in it he thought he saw the Pathans disperse.

He was about to walk out on the path when he thought of his feet, covered with the priest's habit, and he bent down to take it away from them.

"Where are you going?" she said. "What are you going to do?"

"Lie down," he said. "Cover yourself up. Get farther in the vines."

"What are you——"

"Farther in," he said. "Farther. Farther still."

He made her crawl twenty or thirty yards into the alleyway between the vines.

"Lie down," he said, "as far under as you can," and she lay down close under the lower leaves of the vines and he covered her with the habit, pulling it up to her chin, so that only her face was free.

SHE looked in that moment very like she had looked when he had first come into the central improvised ward that afternoon, and suddenly he said: "I'm sorry we got off on the wrong foot this afternoon—you remember, when I came in and looked at you."

"It doesn't matter. It never happened."

"It was silly of me and I'm sorry you hated me."

"I didn't hate you," she said.

"That's something anyway."

"I didn't hate you, but I hate Bombay, and when they said you came from Bombay——"

"I didn't come from Bombay, and I hate it, too," he said.

"It just shows you," she said. "I'm terribly sorry, too, and I wanted to say so."

She spoke tenderly, and suddenly he wanted to do nothing but lie down with her, crawling under the habit. It would have been wonderful to lie and warm his feet there and let what was happening up at the Mission happen, and let day come. He spread his hands across her shoulders,

Continued on page 28

Sheldrake and his wife re-wind a film. On Sundays, they run through next week's shows at home

Taking the stars to the village

by GRAHAM FISHER

In the country, there's always a welcome for the cinema on wheels. But you must be careful what you show—and it only needs a wedding to make most of the audience vanish

IT WAS "PICTURE NIGHT" in the village hall. The whist drive tables had been stacked away in an anteroom, the chairs set out in neat rows to seat the village folk. On the screen flickered a supporting film dealing with the training of dogs for shooting and hunting—just the thing, one would imagine, to suit an audience in the heart of rural Norfolk.

Yet suddenly two middle-aged women sprang to their feet and stalked indignantly across the darkened hall to where forty-three year old Arthur Sheldrake was standing beside the projector. In full hearing of the rest of the audience, they denounced him as a man who should be heartily ashamed of himself for encouraging blood sports. Then, heads in air, they marched from the hall, leaving Arthur a little shaken.

That is the sort of thing which can easily happen in the mobile cinema business, where the projectionist, who as often as not is also the owner, is not tucked away in a projection box but standing a bare yard or so from the audience. And audiences—over half a million village folk attend these mobile shows each week—are not slow to take advantage of the fact. They may not all be as forthright as the two women who denounced the film while it was still being shown, but they usually make their views bluntly known when they leave.

Arthur Sheldrake, a mobile operator whose one-night stands take Clark Gable and Marlene Dietrich to fourteen Norfolk and Lincolnshire villages, thinks this is just as it should be. "It is the personal touch that counts," he says. That is why he stands by the door after each show to say good night to the audience and hear their views.

A typical village show for Sheldrake is at Dersingham, Norfolk. It is held in the church hall, which stands just off the road leading to the Royal estate at Sandringham, a mile away. Like most church halls, this one fills many rôles in the course of a week. Whist drives and concerts are held there; so is the weekly welfare clinic; and it is the meeting place of the Women's Institute and the Mothers' Union.

Tuesday night is "picture night," when the whist drive chairs are set out in thirteen rows of twelve. The screen stands on a trestle table on the platform at the far end of the hall. Beside it, on a card table balanced on more trestles, is the loudspeaker. Arthur sits at another card table near the door, taking the money.

There are only two prices—1s. 9d. for adults, 1s. for children. The children have the first six rows. The other seats are for the adults on the first-come-first-served principle. Those who want a more comfortable seat bring their own cushions.

The doors open at seven o'clock (though the village children are queueing up outside a full fifteen minutes before that) and close promptly at seven thirty, when Arthur the cashier becomes Arthur the projectionist. The pictures of the Royal Family which adorn the walls fade into darkness as caretaker Fred Turley switches off the lights and Arthur starts his two-hour programme.

Takings Slump In The Summer

Attendances vary according to the main film being shown, the weather and the time of the year. During the winter Arthur has taken as much as £9 a night in the bigger villages. But in summer, with many village folk in the harvest fields till late at night, £3 is good going. He has never had an audience of more than 200 and at one village—Rudham—he shows regularly to less than eighty people. In a small village even a wedding can affect attendances. Once Arthur showed his films to an audience of eleven because most of the village folk were at a wedding reception.

Arthur is his own boss. He rents the halls—Dersingham church hall costs him 15s. a night in summer, with an extra 5s. for heating in winter—and the films. Full-length 16-mm. films cost about £10 a week to hire; £16 if in Technicolor. The 1,000-watt lamps in the projector, with a life of only twenty-four hours, cost £3 a time. Van repairs and petrol amount to just over £7 a week. Weekly running costs, including the wages of three assistants—one part-time—are around £55.

But Arthur pays no entertainment tax. The 1949 Budget knocked the tax off village shows to encourage social life in the countryside and help to stem the drift from the land. So today, in villages of less than 2,000 people or where the hall seats less than 400, the hall-owners can apply for exemption. Before 1949, mobile operators were going out of business. Now business is booming and there are about 450 of them, showing films each week in 4,000 villages.

And they are certainly brightening life in the countryside. Everyone I spoke to at Dersingham on "picture night," was agreed on that, from dark-haired, sixteen-year-old Elsie Batterby, who goes to nearly all the shows with Steve Reed, a curly-haired twenty-one year old tractor driver, to stocky Albert Wells, who has worked in a sawmill on the Royal estate for forty years past. Mr. and Mrs. Wells and their daughter Barbara go each week now. Before the cinema came to Dersingham they went only once a month. It meant catching a bus to Hunstanton, eight miles away.

Elsie Batterby and Steve Reed save on bus fares, too. They used to go to the pictures twice a week in King's Lynn—fare 1s. 5d. return. And it meant a rush to get there in time. Now they go to King's Lynn only on Sundays and visit the church hall for their mid-week entertainment. Time, money, convenience—those are the three things the mobile cinema has meant to Dersingham.

From Laundries To Cinemas

Most full-time mobile operators cover only half a dozen villages, so Arthur's circuit of fourteen makes him a fairly big-time operator. A six-foot, self-confident Yorkshireman, he went into the business four years ago with a second-hand projector bought from his brother-in-law. Before that he was in the laundry business—twelve years in Detroit and Chicago. He returned to Britain to settle family affairs when his father died, always meant to go back to America, but somehow hasn't got there yet. Today he lives with his thirty-two year old wife Iris and two small

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daughters in a neat, detached house overlooking the sea at Hunstanton. For recreation, he keeps chickens and makes the colourful pegged rugs which adorn each room of the house.

To the mobile cinema business he has brought native Yorkshire talent and American business methods—so successfully that in four years he has acquired two complete new units (projector, sound equipment, screen and van) worth around £700 each.

The vans are important items in a district of scattered villages where bus and rail transport alike are indifferent, and Arthur and his assistants drive through all weathers. Only once has he let an audience down. That was in the great blizzard of two winters ago. Knowing what the weather was like, he set off at two in the afternoon to give a show at Mundford, thirty-eight miles away, at seven thirty in the evening. He took his chief assistant, Ronald Meek, and two shovels with him. After digging their way out of innumerable snowdrifts, seven thirty found them still seven miles from Mundford — and with another snowdrift ahead. They had to turn back.

Things went wrong on another occasion when Arthur sent a new assistant to operate the projector in a particular village. The following week he was at that village himself and asked the audience what they had thought of the previous week's film. "Quite nice," they said, politely, "but rather long, with the actors walking and talking sort of funny." Wherever the new assistant went, the same sort of report drifted back to Arthur. So he checked up. The new man, more inexperienced than he had admitted, was operating the projector in slow-motion.

Works A Seven-day Week

Arthur works about seventy hours a week, for there is more to the mobile cinema business than simply operating a projector at night. It may take a whole morning to adjust a piece of delicate mechanism which is not functioning properly. Fresh films must be booked, halls booked—Arthur is always seeking to extend his circuit—bills printed and pasted up, takings cashed up.

Even Sundays are not his own, for then the furniture is pushed back in the lounge of his bay-windowed house on the cliffs and the week's films run through to ensure that everything is in order. Running through three main features, a serial, perhaps three or four "shorts," is a lengthy job, but the family likes it.

Arthur and his wife are both keen picturegoers. Mrs. Sheldrake often goes three times a week—in the lounge on Sunday, at one of the village shows to report back on "audience reaction," and at the local cinema in Hunstanton. And Arthur himself, though he is showing films every day of his life, never goes to London on business—as he does once a quarter—without dropping into a West End cinema. "Keeps me up to date," he says.

Like all mobile operators, he cannot show at a village within two miles of a regular cinema, nor show films less than twelve months old. George Formby ("They stand in the aisles to see him"), Abbott and Costello, and Old Mother Riley are the stars that pack 'em in. Westerns, too, are money-spinners in the villages.

But Arthur cannot show exactly what he likes, even though the Board of Film Censors may have passed it. In the villages, local vicars have some say in the matter. Dersingham's vicar, the Rev. E. Carew-Jones, banned *No Orchids For Miss Blandish*. The vicar had no legal power to enforce his ban, but few operators would have flouted it.

In Dersingham, children comprise over sixty per cent of the weekly audience. Which is why, having seen it himself, the vicar banned *No Orchids*. Despite his ban on this film, Dersingham's vicar thinks the mobile cinema has been beneficial to the village.

Boos For The Villains

Village audiences still cheer the heroes, boo the villains, give catcalls and whistles at long-drawn-out love scenes. Sometimes the villain gets more than boos. Arthur has had screens damaged by showers of apple cores, nutshells and peashooter missiles. In spite of that, he never stops the village folk from taking apples and nuts into a show with them. But he draws the line at potato crisps because their crackling drowns the dialogue. And he insists that all under-sixteens hand their peashooters, cap-pistols and flash-lamps in at the pay-table.

Embarrassing moments can occur in the mobile cinema business. L. W. Pearce, who operates at four hospitals and seven villages in and around Stratford-on-Avon, once had a "God Save The King" trailer turn up in the middle of a main feature. Puzzled, but patriotic, the whole audience stood up—then settled down to enjoy the rest of the show.

And Arthur Sheldrake once arrived at a village to find he had got the first and last four reels of a musical and the three middle reels of a domestic comedy. When he explained things to the audience they told him to show them just the same. And not one of them asked for his money back afterwards. THE END

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

Woman who rules British Ballet

NINETTE DE VALOIS is virtually the creator of British ballet—and today she keeps it on its toes. To the stars of the ballet, as to the girls of the chorus, she is "Madam"—a perfectionist held in awe.

The story of this remarkable personality is told by Elkan Allan in JOHN BULL next week.

Starting Sept. 9—The Embry Escape

IN the September 9 issue, JOHN BULL starts, as an exclusive series, a thrilling, completely new wartime escape story—the personal story of Air Marshal Sir Basil Embry, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., now C.-in-C., Fighter Command, R.A.F.

He guides the Channel swimmers

by DON EVERITT

Jack Burwill knows how to master the tricky tides between England and France. He's in much demand as pilot for the zigzag course that gives the struggling swimmer a chance

Telescope under his arm, Burwill plots the course for Shirley May France. First task: pick the day

EARLY ONE MORNING last August an eighteen-year-old Yorkshire boy named Philip Mickman became the youngest person to swim the English Channel. As the boy stepped ashore, an American in a nearby motor-boat shook hands with the man at the wheel. "The boy has put up a magnificent show," he said, "but it was your swim, Jack."

To bulky sixty-year-old Jack Burwill this praise from the father of another Channel aspirant, Shirley May France, seemed a little excessive. Nevertheless, it is certainly true that without him the boy might not have made it. For Burwill is one of a handful of Kentish boatmen who specialize in piloting Channel swimmers. This year he is in top demand. Miss France was first on his list immediately after her unsuccessful swim with another pilot—last September. Since then he has been approached more than a dozen times. Most of the requests he has turned down. "I don't like letting anyone down," he explains.

Twenty-one miles across at its narrowest point, the Channel is not theoretically a lengthy swim for a good, long-distance swimmer. The factors that make it so difficult in practice are the coldness of the water, the changeable weather and the powerful, off-set tides which zigzag the swimmer for thirty to sixty miles before he touches the opposite shore.

Five Good Chances In A Year

Burwill's first task is to pick the days with the best of the bad conditions. Part of the problem solves itself: the water is warmest from the third week in July to the end of September, and the neap tides occur once a fortnight. That gives about four or five seventy-two-hour periods which are most favourable.

But the weather is more difficult. Some old fishermen say it is impossible to forecast it accurately more than eight hours ahead. Though Burwill is not quite so pessimistic, he does not rely entirely on his own knowledge and instinct. When fine, calm weather comes he phones the Air Ministry, the signal stations down the Channel at Portland Bill and the Lizard and on the east coast at Cromer. If all their reports are favourable, he gives the word to start packing the food and equipment.

At midnight (on a France-to-England attempt) his motorboat, *June Rose,* chugs out of Dover Harbour and heads for Cap Gris-Nez. They arrive about two-thirty. About four o'clock the swimmer, helmeted and well greased, enters the water. A rowing boat is by his side, the motorboat just in front.

Burwill prefers an early morning start so that, assuming an average successful swim, he will finish in daylight. "Some swimmers get depressed easily in the dark, particularly if they've been in the water some hours. There are often a lot of porpoises about, too, and when they leap out of the water nearby they're quite startling, although they're harmless enough. One or two swimmers have even given up because of them."

Home On Third Tide—With Luck

It is also vital that Burwill times the start for the middle of a down-Channel tide. This does not carry the swimmer too far off his course and puts him in an advantageous position near the English coast. "Of course, in the Channel even the neap tides are strong and you never make the swimmer fight them. You edge him across them—three hours down Channel, six up towards the Goodwin Sands and then if you're lucky, home in the next six hours down Channel. The weaker swimmers come in during the fourth tide."

Last year Philip Mickman did it in five. He did not make enough headway across the fourth tide, missed the South Foreland by half a mile, and as the coast curved sharply away, the tide shot him out to sea again. But what he lacked in speed he amply made up for in stamina, and Burwill used all his piloting skill to conserve the boy's energy. He landed more than six hours later having covered sixty miles in 23 hours 50 minutes.

Throughout the crossing, Burwill keeps circling

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Triumph. Record-breaker Florence Chadwick touches shore at Dover

the rowing boat and the swimmer to warn off shipping. "They usually give us a wide berth, but we had a fright last year on the night of Mrs. Willi van Rijsel's swim. I saw the lights of a ship some distance away and, naturally, I assumed she would see us and get out of the way. Next time I looked she was coming straight for us. We flashed her like blazes on the Aldis lamp but she still kept on coming. You can guess how we felt. She passed so close we could see through the portholes. People were shouting on deck and it turned out that she was a Dutch ship. They'd heard on the radio that Mrs. van Rijsel was in the water and they were having a look."

Swimmer Who Got Lost

At night, Burwill also has to watch that the swimmer and rowing boat do not lose each other. On one black night last year everyone had a nerve-wracking time as the oarsmen and trainer kept losing sight of a dark-skinned Egyptian. Burwill recalls another swimmer who disappeared and was found a few moments later going the other way.

A variety of passengers is usually on board the motorboat. They include newspapermen, the swimmer's friends and civic representatives of his home town. "We had quite a stir once when we lost a deputy mayor. We found him huddled under the deck in the bow of the boat as sick as a dog." If the swimmer wants Channel Swimming Association recognition Burwill also has to carry one of its observers (and chart the swimmer's course and log details of tides, water temperatures, winds, buoys, and passing ships).

The passengers usually bring a good supply of food and varied drinks to help pass the time. But although Burwill likes his beer he has only once indulged during a trip. On that occasion a Jap swimmer and his friends brought "enough for a banquet" on board. When he gave up after only two hours in the water everyone tucked in. By the time they reached Dover most of them were drunk. Burwill still wonders how they ever made it.

He is normally placid about his side-line job but admits his disappointment when the weather lets him down. Often, a wind just blows up and almost buffets the swimmer into unconsciousness. Last year, Burwill ran into a thick coastal fog on the last lap of Mrs. Willi van Rijsel's swim. They had to give up. Back in Dover Harbour, people who had been waiting on the beach told Burwill he had been so near they had seen his lights.

Dragged Out With A Towel

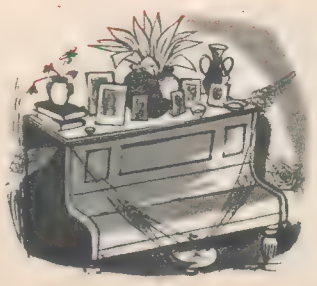
Getting a fatigued, heavyweight swimmer out of the water can be difficult. Last year the Danish woman, Elna Anderson, after arguing for some time that she was not beaten, started swimming wildly round and round. "When they get headstrong like that," Burwill says, "anything can happen. And you can't just pull them out with your hands because they're lathered in grease. So we slip a big towel under their arms, twist it like a tourniquet and drag them out with that."

Burwill normally charges £50 for a crossing. He makes no charge if, on arrival at Cap Gris-Nez, the weather changes and the swim is postponed. Occasionally, he reduces his price for "certain people who I know are not likely to get very far. I don't want to rob them." His own costs are £10 for fuel and £5 apiece for the two oarsmen and his assistant in the pilot boat. During the swimmer's training he also gets from £20 to £50 for hiring out men and boats.

He has been connected with Channel swimming most of his working life. For several years before he started his own business as harbour boatman in the early thirties, he assisted the late Captain Harry Pearson, the Deal pilot, on many swims. "My father did the job before me," he says.

In the past seventy-five years some 300 attempts have been made to swim the Channel. More than thirty people have claimed success. The Channel Swimming Association has approved fewer than half of these claims—and many of the swimmers who made claims have not even tried for official recognition. THE END

NOW YOU KNOW



THE piano is usually the most neglected item in the home. Expert tuning and servicing is needed to keep it in tip-top condition, but there are a number of ways you can look after it yourself.

Diagonally across a corner of the room is the position for best results; otherwise, choose an internal wall free from damp. Protect carpet and lino with caster insulators—if you live in an upstairs flat, rest casters on wood blocks with sorbo rubber or glass wool underneath to act as a sound insulator. Keep the top clear and open it when playing. Also, keep the lid open: keys will begin to yellow if the lid is left shut for long. And polish only with a soft cloth as the finest grit will scratch the varnish.

She said with satisfaction: "Castor oil will do you good." Harrington staggered up. "I'm getting out of here. I must go back to the ship"

Halo for Harrington

He was after pearls. Rubies, of course, would do. Yet in this miserable settlement he found something even rarer

by KANE RICHMOND

HARRINGTON HEAVED A SIGH that set the red hair on his great chest quivering. He lay for a moment with eyes still closed, dimly aware that something was wrong. Then the bed creaked violently as he shot upright. It was the throb of the ship's engine he was missing.

He stared with bloodshot eyes round the room. Bare cream walls, a cane armchair, a narrow wardrobe. Long windows opening on to the black shade of a veranda. Beyond that the cruel glare of the sun on burnt grass; the red flash of hibiscus flowers; the glitter of the sea.

A white figure showed in the open doorway. A slight man with drooping shoulders, wide forehead, a weak mouth. "What the hell!" Harrington swung bare feet to a floor that felt curiously unsteady. "Where's the *Cristoval?*"

There was apology and relief in the mild blue eyes. "The captain landed you two days ago. You were sick and he had no doctor."

"The ——!"

The man winced, then smiled gently. "I'm so glad to find you better. I'm Clayton. I'll fetch my wife. She'll——"

"All right, Herbert. I heard the commotion."

A big woman swept in bearing a bottle in one hand, a large spoon in the other. Her face matched the voice; square and sallow, with a mouth that spoke of years of authority over those who could not answer back.

"I told you it was only a touch of fever," she snapped at her husband. "There was no need for them to leave him on our hands."

She advanced so swiftly on the invalid, that she had the spoon between his teeth before he could jerk his swimming head away. He felt the sickly trickle of castor oil in his throat. He roared and spat, missing her by a bare half-inch. She drew back quickly.

"It will do you good," she said with satisfaction under the disgust in her face.

"I'm getting out of here." Harrington staggered up and grabbed his shirt from the chair. "I must go back to the ship."

"My dear fellow," Clayton laid an ineffective hand on his shoulder, "you're really not fit to be out of bed."

"I'm fit enough to strangle that perishing skipper for putting me off here."

"But the *Cristoval* left soon after she landed you. She never stays long at the Mission."

"Mission?" echoed Harrington. "So that's where I am. Of all the forsaken spots to choose." His eyes narrowed in concentration. "Two days, you say. She'll be at Gizo now and take a day to load up there. I can just catch her if I go right away. You'll have to lend me your boat."

Clayton wrung nervous hands. "I'm afraid it's impossible."

"Not for me. I can get anywhere in these islands. I've been doing it for twenty years."

"But the motor is out of order and there's not enough wind to sail. It's very awkward."

"Awkward!" bellowed Harrington. "It's a damned outrage. The *Cristoval* won't call back for five weeks and I was going to——"

He checked himself, shooting a wary glance at the couple before him. No point in telling them what errand he had been on. Some of these missionaries would feel it a duty to expose a market in stolen pearls. A market that Harrington would have been able to squeeze very profitably. He rested his head in his hands, cursing himself for having trusted to the cargo steamer for speed rather than to his own trading schooner.

"We shall be very glad to have you as our guest," Clayton said with simple sincerity. "We seldom see another white man."

"And we've heard so much about you," his wife added drily, while her eyes declared that she liked what she saw even less than what she had heard.

When they had gone Harrington clasped his hands behind his tousled, flaming head and glared up at the ceiling. His lips drew back in a ferocious

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHNSTON

Continued on page 24

of the experts disliked the way the legs were planted; others felt that the eyes should be brighter; one man even felt that the tail should be at a different angle. "I don't think I ever succeeeded in satisfying everyone," says Charles, "but it was a nine-week job by the time I'd finished, and an entirely different dog from the one I'd started on."

Charles finds that the larger scale jobs, by contrast, are usually "much plainer sailing." Typical of these, which are not stuffed but mounted, was the young Indian elephant, six feet high and weighing just on a ton, that he set up last year for a Blackpool fun-fair. First, a life-size model of wood and wire was constructed and covered with glued canvas. Liquid papier-mâché was then spread over it, and moulded to represent muscles. After that, the skin was stretched on to the frame, treated with preservative and allowed to dry. The job took eighteen months to complete (including nine months for drying) but the only materials involved were twelve feet of ordinary deal planking, two yards of canvas, fifteen feet of two-inch galvanized wire, and two gallons of papier-mâché.

The trickiest part of an operation like this is in preserving the animal's wrinkles when the hide is stretched over the frame, since another assistant is busy at the same time paring away three or four layers of skin. "Often," Charles explains, "the original skin is three-quarters of an inch thick, which is no good when it comes to sewing or shaping."

Skins that arrive from abroad already damaged present a further problem. To one big-game hunter, for instance, whose bags were always confined to zebras and antelopes, Charles finally had to send a protest. The trophies were never marred by bullet-holes but, Charles explained, it was very difficult for a taxidermist to do a satisfactory job when the skins were always damaged at the neck. The man eventually confessed that he had never scored a bull's eye in his life; his carriers used to catch the animals unawares and do the job for him. Since they were equally poor shots, they always killed them by cutting their throats.

Charles found that it took a good three years to learn the rudiments of the job, for to master all the complications of taxidermy, he says, requires "not only a craftsman's fingers and an artist's eye, but a first-class knowledge of natural history as well." To qualify as a competent stuffer, mounter or modeller, with a basic equipment of twenty-five different preservatives and twelve different tools, is only the first stage.

Models From Packing Cases

The novice also has to learn how to construct his models from old packing cases and to make up papier-mâché on the spot by boiling down a mixture of whiting, phenol and old newspapers. He also needs a working knowledge of twenty-eight different gauges of wire, from the hair-thin No. 28 (used for humming birds) to No. 1 (as thick as an iron bar, and used for giraffes), and 300 distinct types of glass eye (obtained direct from a specialist at an average of 8d. a pair).

In course of time, he becomes more than usually resourceful. On one recent occasion, for instance, when Charles was called upon to mount a reindeer's head, he discovered that a reindeer's eye had a peculiarly oblong pupil which the specialist was unable to supply. The solution lay in buying

Gerrard works on a cow model. Later skin will be stretched over frame

up a stock of small glass tubes that had been used in laboratory work, sawing them off short, hand-painting them and filling them in with plaster.

The charges vary considerably from job to job, but depend largely on the amount of labour involved prior to the "drying out." Small birds such as canaries, which take only a day to finish, are in the region of 18s. 6d., but a penguin (a full week's work for an experienced man) would cost anything up to £4. Small mammals range between £1 for a mouse to £7 or £8 for a cat or Pekinese. Wolves and pumas are charged at a slightly higher scale, mounting to as high as £250 for a hippopotamus or an elephant. Fish are charged according to length, with a five-foot tunny costing £10 as against only £1 15s. for a two-foot pike.

Beasts Went To A Party

One profitable sideline that Charles has built up in recent years is the hiring out of animals from stock to private parties and shows. When Tommy Handley was celebrating his radio anniversary as Governor of Tomtopia, Charles supplied the party with a full set of fearsome jungle beasts, and for the recent Jean Simmons film, *Clouded Yellow*, he hired out half his studio.

One reason for his thriving business is that there are no longer many taxidermists left. The old-time country bird-stuffer, who did a sideline trade in foxes' masks and otter pads, has long since gone, driven out of business by the slumps that came with each world war. In London now, there are no more than three taxidermists left; probably not more than half a dozen in the whole country. An established business in a large city with an approximate turnover of £5,000 a year might change hands today for as much as £15,000.

At the same time, social changes and tightness of money have wiped out many of the profitable sidelines of prewar years. The big-game hunter is a fast-vanishing type—"they can't afford to go on safari; and, even if they could, they wouldn't have house-room for the stuff they brought back." Gone also is the once lucrative job of "spring cleaning," when one of Charles's assistants made as many as 100 trips a year to private collections, wiping out moth and insect plagues at about £3 a time. "Now," says Charles, "they send for a bottle of carbolic acid wash and do it themselves." THE END

HALO FOR HARRINGTON

Continued from page 10

snarl, puckering the deep scar on his cheek. The chap he was after would keep on the move. He'd have to, and it might take Harrington a couple of years to catch up with him again. Or someone else might catch him first.

When everything was still again, he edged cautiously out of bed and pulled on his crumpled duck trousers. He felt steadier now and he moved across the room and out of the long window as softly as a giant cat. He skirted the stretch of grass to the little landing-stage and boarded Clayton's schooner. A white glare beat up from the water as he stooped under the awning into the engine house. After half an hour's tinkering he sat back with oil-smeared hands and swore long and descriptively. There was no doubt that the boat was useless.

"Five weeks!" muttered Harrington savagely.

Harrington ate his dinner in silence that evening, responding neither to Clayton's timid attempts to draw him out, nor to Mrs. Clayton's pointed remarks on the need to shelter the natives from bad influences.

FOR long after he went to bed, Harrington heard Mrs. Clayton's voice droning through the thin partitions of the bungalow. He marvelled that any man should endure it. He would have known what to do with such a woman on an island where the law was a commissioner's launch a hundred miles away. Then Clayton began to cough. A light, persistent sound that Harrington now remembered having heard through the muddled darkness of his fever.

He commented on it at breakfast. "I'm sorry I disturbed you," apologized Clayton with a wan smile. "It *is* getting rather troublesome. I think when we go on leave I might consult someone."

The man's sick, thought Harrington, looking at him closely for the first time. There were shadowed hollows in his cheeks, and even in this heat the skin was flabbily dry as if he had not enough life in him to sweat properly.

"You must take some more of your mixture," said his wife.

"I have; but lately it doesn't seem to have done much good."

"Nonsense! It always has before. Anyhow, the trip to Sydney will cure it. Sea air is good for the chest."

Clayton fiddled with his spoon in the peach-coloured flesh of a pawpaw.

"I was wondering," he murmured, "whether this time we might consider making the trip to England."

His voice was strained as if it cost him a real effort to make the suggestion. "You know," he hurried on, "headquarters said it was long overdue. We'd be quite within our rights, and after all the longer sea trip would benefit both of us."

Mrs. Clayton regarded him sternly.

"I'm surprised, Herbert," she said when he had finished, "that you can even consider leaving our work for so long. A fortnight at sea is quite sufficient for anybody's health. To go all the way to England would be a sheer waste of time."

"My sister——" murmured Clayton, biting his lower lip.

"She doesn't trouble to write very often, does she? She has the time and the money to visit us if she wants to see you. It would do her good; broaden her mind."

Harrington snorted.

"How long have you been out here, anyway?" he asked Clayton.

"Eighteen years." Clayton seemed to wilt as he said it.

"Eighteen years of glorious service," boomed his wife, "and you can think of turning your back on it!"

"My dear," said Clayton, "only for a holiday. One needs some refreshment. We get out of touch with progressive ideas."

"Ideas! I don't know what ideas you might get if you once returned to Clapham. You're so easily influenced. Your sister might persuade you to stay there."

Harrington shrugged. "If that's where you want to be, why don't you go?" he asked Clayton.

Mrs. Clayton bridled.

"And what right have you to give such advice? No doubt you always follow your own inclinations. For us it is different. We have a Cause."

Clayton's eyes swung back to her. Their misty look changed to one of bright, almost frightening, exaltation.

"Of course, dear, you're right," he said with a smile of great sweetness. "It would be mere indulgence."

Harrington stared blankly, then got up. "I'll have a look round your model settlement," he said, and strode out into the sunshine.

He lounged moodily along the little street, whistling to himself and scowling off the advances of a handful of fat-tummied children who tried to follow him. He looked contemptuously at the trim huts, the enclosures where pigs rooted in the coarse grass, the copra-drying sheds. What on earth was he going to do for five weeks in a place like this, with a milksop missionary and a bully of a woman?

A husky native cringed off the path at the expression on his face. Harrington smiled sardonically. He liked the islanders to know their place, and if they didn't he had his own ways of teaching them.

At the last hut he paused. A man was squatting outside looking at something in his cupped hand. As Harrington's step crunched on the path he made a quick gesture of concealment towards his waistband. Then he looked up. Harrington outstared him.

"Show," he said, taking a step forward.

"Nothing, master." The man spread empty hands and grinned.

"Show!" Harrington barked again. He seized a brown arm and twisted it until the grin changed to a grimace of pain. The man fumbled with his free hand and brought out what looked like a small pebble. Sulkily he placed it in the trader's palm.

HARRINGTON turned it over, scratched it with his nail, and whistled softly.

"My God," he muttered. "I believe it's a ruby." He turned on the man with a face that could have frightened truth from the Devil. "Where you getting this?"

The man gestured towards the volcanic hills that jutted up beyond the fringe of cultivated land.

"Many days," he said, "much difficult."

Harrington's keen eyes swept the sullen, jungle-covered ridges. He was no landsman. He could find his way anywhere among the tortuous waterways between the islands, but up there a man might easily die of thirst, of snakebite, of a dozen unknown horrors without hope of aid.

"You know the way?"

Cunning crept back into the brown face. "Only one man knowing way. Tulinga." He tapped his gleaming

"So you're the young fellow who is taking our little girl away from us"

chest. "Tulinga worth much money to white master?"

"Tulinga not worth a shark's dinner if he tries to fool me," Harrington threatened. "And keep your ugly mouth shut." He slipped the stone in his pocket. "You get this back when you show me."

"But must have boys, many, many," the man followed him whining.

"How many?"

"Ten, twenty," suddenly he was vague. "Must work, must look." He made a digging action with his hands. "Besides," he smiled slyly, "perhaps Tulinga not safe alone."

Harrington's teeth showed in a dangerous smile.

"Very likely not," he purred, "if you try any funny tricks with me."

Still, the man was right, he reflected, as he paced slowly back to the bungalow. It would be a fool's game for the two of them to trek off into the jungle alone. Supplies and tools would have to be carried. He did not even know whether rubies were mined out of rock, or washed from soft earth or clay. A man had to sleep, too, and there was something in Tulinga's face that suggested it would be nicer to have other company around.

Harrington took the stone from his pocket and his eyes sparkled. It was worth a gamble. He had dreamed of a few pearls and now, by a stroke of what had seemed bad luck, he might have a fortune within his grasp.

At the lunch table he could scarcely hide his excitement.

"I hope you found something interesting in our little village," Clayton inquired politely.

Harrington's mouth drew upward in that curious snarling smile.

"I think I did," he said softly.

Mrs. Clayton eyed him with sharp suspicion. "You seemed to find a lot in common with our only doubtful character."

"So you watched me?" said Harrington silkily.

"I happened to *see* you," she corrected him. "I wondered what Tulinga had to say so much about. He's inclined to be sullen as a rule."

And you can go on wondering, thought Harrington grimly, but Clayton looked worried.

"I'm not happy about Tulinga," he said. "I never feel we have quite won his trust. I'm afraid he may slip back to the old ways and take others with him."

"There'll be no trouble if he stays here with me," his wife replied, with her eyes on Harrington's face.

"You haven't seen the site of my new church yet," said Clayton, dismissing the subject. "Do come over when it's cooler and see how they are getting on. You may be able to give me some suggestions."

Churches were strange country to Harrington, but he readily agreed. It had become important to study his host carefully. Later in the day they went out, heading away from the village through a belt of feathery casuarina trees. Harrington slackened his step so that Clayton could keep up.

And next year, he thought, he'll be lucky to walk as fast as this. He had seen death written on men's faces before. And yet that woman wouldn't let him go and end his days in peace. She'd sap his life away while she fed on the sense of power this place gave her.

THEY had come to a clearing where the ground had been levelled in a dusty rectangle. A dozen "boys" were working the space, some binding together bamboo rods for wall sections, others plaiting the dried leaves of sago palms for roofing. They raised their woolly heads as the two white men approached, nodding and smiling to Clayton and looking at Harrington with wary curiosity.

"Well, what do you think of it?"

Harrington solemnly paced the cleared area while he tried to think of a suitable answer.

"You see," explained the missionary eagerly, "it's big because I hope one day it may serve as a cathedral for this whole group of islands."

"You'll need some large timber for the framework," said Harrington.

Clayton's face clouded.

"I know. That's my chief worry. There's plenty of cedar and mahogany inland. But I'm not equal to such an expedition. And I dare not send the boys alone."

"You mean," Harrington asked cautiously, "they might skip back to their old tribes?"

Clayton nodded. "I can't risk it. Their souls are more precious to me than many churches. And yet these simple people need a concrete sign that there is a Power greater and stronger than their old superstitions. I should be happy if I could see it standing before I go."

Harrington knew then that he was thinking of a longer journey than his leave trip to Sydney. His neck flushed suddenly with anger. Anger for Clayton's weakness, and redoubled anger because at this moment of all others it had pierced his own tough fibre with a shaft of pity. Yet, when he looked at that glowing face, touched to a mockery of health by the setting sun, he found there a steadfastness that he could not altogether despise.

He said slowly: "But if I took a party of them up to fetch the timber?"

"But you've been ill!" cried Clayton. "I couldn't possibly let you risk the fatigue, the danger even."

"Nonsense! I'm as fit as a fiddle now. And that fellow Tulinga seems a useful guide. Just give me a dozen of your huskiest boys and some gear, and we'll start tomorrow."

He made short work of Clayton's scruples. By the time they reached the bungalow again the man was chattering like an excited schoolboy, selecting names, listing stores, trying to remember what tools they had.

Mrs. Clayton greeted the news with reserve. "I shall be happier when I see the timber," she replied coldly, and added in a lower voice, "and surprised. I should hardly have guessed Mr. Harrington to be an ardent worker for the Church."

Two dawns later, standing on the veranda in the grey light, they watched the chosen boys file up. Axes, picks, saws, ropes—Harrington nodded approval as he checked them off. Clayton put an impulsive hand on his arm.

"God bless your effort!" he said, sincerely.

It was almost a shame, thought Harrington, to fool anyone so simple.

An hour later he had forgotten all about Clayton. He was cursing his party through shoulder-high grass with a flow of language that would have made the mission house walls shake. A man could take no bearings in such country. He kept close behind Tulinga, explaining with lavish detail every time he cast about for the trail exactly what would happen to him if he took the wrong one. He would have to watch the fellow. The others were just a lot of docile sheep, easily driven.

From the grass they plunged into even more stifling jungle. Dense curtains of creeper barred their way. Savage thorns tore the shirt from his streaming back and clouds of insects settled on the slightest scratch. Harrington could see no vestige of a track but Tulinga kept steadily on and they followed, scrambling across rocky fissures, hacking their way through bamboo thickets.

At night the boys crouched round their fire, crooning half-heartedly or going into sudden shrieks of laughter, like children afraid of the dark. Tulinga squatted apart as if he despised their company, eyeing the trader with an expression half sullen, half calculating.

On the third morning Harrington was awakened by the frightened chattering of the boys. Trembling and waving bewildered arms, they conveyed to him at last that Tulinga had disappeared. Harrington let forth a stream of blasphemy that sent them cringing backwards.

"Find him, you black devils. Find him, or I'll have the last thread of skin off your backs," he roared.

But no amount of cursing and beating the undergrowth could uncover a trace of the missing guide, or any sign of which way he had gone. Harrington shook his fist; his voice cracked with fury. But he knew that he could not find his way through trackless jungle to an unknown destination.

One of the Mission boys stood nervously before him. "But master came for trees," he murmured, "and trees are here."

He swept an arm round the clearing where they had camped, and Harrington's eyes, bitter with defeat, followed the gesture. It would take two men to span the trunks of those giants. Their columns soared above the choking undergrowth like—Harrington sought for a simile and his mouth twisted—yes, like the pillars of a cathedral, roofed with intricate green carving that shut them into a hushed and awful gloom. The boys watched him in expectant silence.

Suddenly he swung an arm as if to push the jungle back.

"Get on, you idle swine!" he roared savagely. "Get on and sweat for the timber for that——church of yours!"

During the three frenzied weeks that followed, Harrington forgot everything but his aching muscles and his struggle with the jungle. At last, haggard, filthy and triumphant, they reappeared at the mission bungalow dropping the first of the lopped cedar trunks. Fresh parties were sent up the blazed trail to bring in the remainder of the dump.

BY the time the *Cristoval* dropped anchor again opposite the landing stage, the framework of the new church rose like a gaunt skeleton over the tops of the palm trees.

"I guess they can go on from there." Harrington shook hands briefly with his host. Clayton's eyes blazed in their deep sockets.

"I shall see it finished," he said, and his voice shook.

The ship's officers who had lunched at the bungalow watched curiously while the boys crowded round the couple. Suddenly one stepped forward with a garland of flowers and threw it round Harrington's neck.

"Now we all true Christian," he stammered, "now we see what strong red angel b'long big God."

Harrington choked, caught the eye of the mate, who was whispering to Mrs. Clayton, and bolted for the ship's gangway. From the deck of the *Cristoval* he watched the mission station dwindle to a doll's house among the palms. The mate edged up beside him, a satirical eye on the garland that still swayed round his massive neck.

"Quite a little send-off," he remarked. He was a bright-eyed little man, who could gather more gossip in ten minutes than most women in ten days. "Enjoyed your stay?"

"Not bad," Harrington rejoined shortly.

"The missus seemed to have an idea you'd been out after something you didn't get. Been wasting your time?"

Harrington's eyes narrowed as he watched the slight, erect figure on the landing-stage. Clayton held himself with a new assurance, his shoulders back, head high. The bulky figure of his wife no longer seemed to dwarf him. As the ship turned the missionary raised an arm in a gesture of farewell and triumph.

"Wasting my time?" said Harrington thoughtfully. "No, not entirely."

THE END

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OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*

MAN OF SPIRIT

Continued from page 13

was usually dangerously near the starvation border.

Not that Garthie knew anything about this. He merely happened to spy a figure, one fine morning, perched on a canvas stool in one of the Pele Hall fields, daubing away with a brush. The figure was wearing a thick overcoat and a scarf, and Garthie snorted with contempt. In his aggressive vigour he was totally unable to guess that the poor wretch suffered badly from asthma. Disliking him as a softie on sight, he went striding across.

"Hey you! What are you doing?"

Lee was so startled by that roar he nearly fell off the stool.

"I'm painting a picture of Harter Fell," he said timidly.

Garthie glowered over his shoulder. Now, it was a clean July day, bright and smiling after the previous night's rain, and the shapely summit of Harter had a certain placid gentleness about it, a kindly look, not unusual in friendly weather, utterly different from the dark harshness that can threaten when the clouds grow sullen.

The sphagnum mosses were a delicate almond green, the intake walls sprawled in a softness of shadow and sunshine, and the feathery emerald of the brackens might have been growing in a child's picture book. Lee had copied these things quite faithfully, and his painting was true of the scene at the moment.

Garthie made a growling noise. "A damn sight too pretty."

"But, really, it's as I see it."

Garthie took the cigar out of his mouth. "Enough to make anybody sick," he said bluntly.

THE artist coloured. He had that type of skin. If he had turned pugnaciously on Garthie and said: "You don't know anything about it. You go to hell!" Garthie would probably have roared with laughter and bought the picture there and then. But Lee kept timidly silent, and that made things worse.

"And who gave you permission," demanded Garthie, "to trespass on my land?"

Lee jumped up hastily. "Oh, I'm so sorry. I didn't know this was private."

Something pathetic about the little man must have softened Garthie a shade.

"Listen. D'you know who I am?"

Lee said with deference: "I rather think you must be Sir John Garthwaite."

"That's it. You can paint me a picture. I don't want any of this summery, pretty-pretty stuff. No. D'you know Burnmoor?"

Lee shook his head. "I've heard of it, of course, but——"

Garthie's leathery finger pointed at the beginning of a lane curving past the wall of Pele House.

"That leads up into Iredale. First it's a lane, then it's a cart track, and after that it's nothing much more than scratches on rocks flanking the Ire. Four miles it is to the dale head straight up there. You can scramble out at the top, and there you are on Burnmoor."

"Yes," said the artist hopefully.

"You go on for a bit—less than half a mile. You have Burnmoor Tarn spread in front of you, Great How beyond that, and Scafell blocking the skyline. That's the place for the picture." The creases about his eyes deepened. "But not in summer. I want a winter scene. I'll pay twenty-five guineas for it."

Lee almost gasped. It was more than he had earned in the past three months.

"I'll do my utmost, sir."

"No doubt you will. But you won't paint it until it's in the right mood. I'll tell you when. Where d'you live?"

Lee told him. Garthie said: "Right. When the scene's suitable I'll send for you." He walked off chuckling to himself and switching at odd thistles with the end of his stick.

IN the long, passing months, Lee may have feared that Garthie had forgotten all about the commission. If so, he was wrong. In early December a bitter wind began to mutter across from the east, shrivelling the colour out of the rich bronze brackens, rattling the reeds on the fringes of the tarn and turning the fells and the high, crumpled plateau of Burnmoor into cold desolation. A blue sky and a sharp sun were with it, and no doubt down at Branscale, where the artist lived, along that coastal strip tempered by airs from the Irish sea, the weather was much more genial.

After five days of this biting wind, Garthie got up early one morning, long before sunrise. With feet turned out a shade and knees bent he moved with long, swinging strides up the narrowness of Iredale. As he scrambled out of the head of the dale he felt and saw what delighted him. The wind had the edge of a knife, the ice of Burnmoor Tarn gleamed as sepia and steel, the ground was bone hard.

Garthie was back at Pele House at eight, laughing hugely. He sent for Tryson.

"Tell Tom to get out the trap. He's to fetch this man. There's the address." He handed him a slip of paper. "If he hasn't brought him back here by ten, he'll hear a few words from me."

"Yes, sir."

At ten o'clock little Lee was standing in front of large Garthie. The painter appeared to have put on all the clothes he possessed.

"Got your paints?"

"Yes, Sir John."

"Right. Off you go. Get that scene painted and brought back here by four o'clock. Why I want it by then is none of your business. I don't expect a masterpiece. If it's anything like, there's twenty-five guineas for you."

Lee set off. It was wickedly cold, but emotional excitement at the prospect of earning so much money kept him fairly warm. The forsaken dale grew narrower and deeper, and because of that there was some degree of shelter. When he scrambled out of the dale-head at last, in the full savagery of the wind, it nearly took his breath away.

Down at Pele Hall, Garthie was pressing his shoulders back against an armchair and bellowing with laughter. "It's the biggest joke I've had yet, Tryson." He mopped his eyes. "See why?"

Tryson was puzzled. "Nay, sir."

"Man, it's rich. He's a watercolour artist, isn't he? He'll get up there, all a-quiver with the idea of earning twenty-five guineas. And there won't be a drop of water for his paints, not a drop!" His laughter rose to a booming crescendo. "Everything's iron hard. I've made sure of that."

Tryson laughed. "Ay, 'twill be nowt but ice, sir, and if he can unfreeze a bit, 'twill freeze up again in nay time."

Garthie rolled and heaved. "Can't you see him? Probing about here and there, dashing off to this beck and that beck, and not a blessed drop of water. Time going on, and his fingers getting colder, and those twenty-five guineas getting further and further away. Oh, I'm aching!" He held his ribs.

At three o'clock, Tryson, faintly worried, said: "I hope he's nay come to any harm, sir. He'll be fairly starved up in that wind, and I've heard there's summat wrong with his chest."

"Nonsense! He's all right." Garthie glanced at the clock. "Just about making his way back now, after a hopeless search for water." He had laughed so much during the day he could scarcely more than wheeze.

AT half-past three Tryson announced: "I've just seen him coming through the gateway, sir." "Great!" Garthie clapped his massive hands together, and watched from the window. Little Lee appeared around the bend of the drive. His cheeks were bluish-white, and his nose had the tone of raw meat. In his many clothes he looked comically shapeless.

Thirty seconds later the artist was standing in front of Garthie.

"You look chilly," said Garthie, bubbling with good humour.

"It was frightfully cold up there, Sir John."

"Naturally. I told you I wanted a winter scene. Where is it?"

Lee hesitated. Garthie said: "Come along, man, where's the picture?" His glands were prickling with an imminent crisis of laughter.

"Well, Sir John, I shall have to explain. I ought to have realized before I set off what the weather conditions would be like, but I never dreamed that there wouldn't be——"

"A drop of water?" put in Garthie.

"Exactly, sir."

Garthie began to quiver silently. Little Lee fumbled inside his outer coat. He pulled out a flat package and removed a folding of brown paper.

"However, I've done my best. I do hope you like it."

He held out a very creditable painting of Burnmoor Tarn and the wintry peaks beyond.

Garthie stared at it with popping eyes. "By God!" he burst out, "that's good, that is. But how in the name of conjuring tricks did you manage it without a drop of water?"

Little Lee said apologetically: "It was so cold today, I did something I've never done before. I brought a little whisky with me to drink. I painted with it instead." THE END

THE SCARLET SWORD

Continued from page 18

gently smoothing the habit like a blanket.

"Stay here," he said. "For God's sake don't move." He was overwhelmed with a hungry weariness to lie down with her again, his mind and now his whole body bludgeoned with sickness and horror. "Whatever happens," he said, "stay here. You understand—stay here."

"I'll stay," she said.

He touched her face, not speaking because he was overwhelmed again by the misery of leaving her there, very young and rigid and almost, it struck him, like a corpse under the brown habit; and then he crawled out from the vines.

He had walked about thirty or forty yards up the path before it came to him that a new and more awful thing had happened. He stopped dead in the middle of the path. Up on the terrace, in front of the Mission, nothing seemed to be happening now. There were no howling Pathan figures and nothing was moving except the drifting woollen smoke of fire.

Instead, a small crowd of yelling Pathans were under the apple trees. There were eight or ten of them. And as he stood there, the women began to file out of the trench, some of the nuns carrying children. He thought he heard the voice of McAlister calling them, as she might have called a class of children, to keep together. Behind him the child cried dryly and almost inhumanly again in the vines, like a little dog, and up in the Mission a single rifle fired, the shot smashing through glass, the sound splintering with weird whinings across the valley.

He thought for a moment of going back to quieten the child, and then he remembered that it was new-born, that it had to cry, that there was no way of stopping it. He thought of Colonel Mathieson and Mrs. Mathieson and the unborn child. There was nothing he could do. They were going to butcher the whole lot of them before morning anyway. It might as well be now as later, and he followed the women up the hill.

WHEN Father Simpson heard the first shot his immediate thought was not for Mrs. Mathieson or Mrs. Maxted or Julie, or even the patients in the hospital ward, but for Father Anstey. He was perfectly sure also that Father Anstey would not be thinking of him, but of the Mother Superior, the Indian women and children, the patients and the nuns.

He had not thought of going to bed. He was still in the little room that was called a library, though it was not much more than a high pantry-like cell with a dozen shelves of books, and he was writing his bi-weekly letter to his mother at Richmond in England. The letter was not going very well: partly because he was really listening for something like the rifle-shot that, when it came, broke the eastern window by the chapel and helped to start the fire; partly because he was thinking of Mathieson and Crane. They were such worldly, assured and likeable fellows, and the long day with them, for all its anxieties, had excited and jerked him out of himself.

It had been wonderful to make friends. Except for occasional visitors who spent a night at the Mission because they preferred it to the ordinary rest houses he hardly saw any men. His upholstered world, made up of work and devotion, introspection and professional triviality, was never rippled or roughened by such splendid nonsense as had gone on in the trench that evening and afternoon. He was more than glad of it. The damp shyness of his mind made him very rusty sometimes, and

"Mother, Stevie didn't 'God Bless' me again"

now Crane and Mathieson had steeled and brightened him up.

In consequence, when the first shot smashed the chapel windows almost next door to him, he was neither frightened nor confused. He even folded up the letter to his mother and put it in its envelope and tucked it in the drawer of the desk. The thought that he could finish it when he came back made him also look at his watch. The time was half past one. Then he reflected quite casually that if anything disastrous should occur outside it might mean that his watch would be smashed, and he took it off his wrist and put that in the drawer, too.

All this took two or three minutes. Some instinct told him that Father Anstey would be in the chapel. By the time he had opened the door and had begun to walk down the corridor, lit by a small yellow wall bulb at the far end, the first serious volley of fire smashed most of the windows in the south chapel wall. It was this volley that made Crane fall flat on his face and lie there for some time worrying curiously about his shoes.

Father Simpson had no instinct to fall down; his feet, large and rather flat, were perfectly warm in his thick shoes. He planted them down with a stout and heavy firmness as he walked down the passage and into the chapel. The chapel had never been lit by electricity: Father Anstey felt keenly that it was not, in some way, a proper thing. All its illumination came from old-fashioned pedestal oil lamps of Benares brass and two more that burned perpetually in the east window behind the altar. Now one of these lamps, hit by bullets, had fallen down and its oil, spilling and running about the floor, was burning the altar cloth.

Father Simpson, coming into the chapel, strode heavily forward and began to flap at the flames with his sleeves.

In this way the flames were fanned, and it was some moments before he realized that the simplest thing would be to take off his habit and smother the fire with that.

He was so preoccupied with slapping and smothering the flames about the altar that he hardly heard the second volley and the subsequent torrent of screams from the main ward. Deprived of his habit, revealed in trousers, braces and a thick flannel vest on which his crucifix hung like an identity disc, he did not look so fat. He had something of the appearance of a muscular publican in his shirt-sleeves, mopping up the bar.

When he had succeeded in damping down the fire he left his habit spread about the floor where the worst of the flames had been. His eyes were full of paraffin smoke, and fragments of moonlight, shot with bits of flame, helped to blind him a little more.

IN this half-blind fashion, stabbing his podgy fingers into his eyes, he staggered heavily back up the aisle. He was a little less than half way down when the door swung back and a small Mahsud, swinging a rifle, came blundering in, crazily shouting.

This figure intensely annoyed Father Simpson. He felt enraged with shock. He did not stop walking and the Mahsud blundered down the aisle. The sensation of outrage flared up in Father Simpson so furiously that he lumbered forward in a ponderous charge and a second later knocked the Mahsud down.

His immediate point of contact was the rifle barrel. He saw it aiming straight at his chest and he seized it at the moment the Mahsud fired. He felt the blast of the shot go past his left hip, in a hot tearing flame that singed his vest, and this annoyed him, too.

He remembered something also about bringing his knee up on these occasions, and as he thundered against the Mahsud he brought up the full weight of his fat thigh, feeling annoyed and outraged and yet in a grim way quite calm. The Mahsud fell with the full weight of Father Simpson on top of him, winded and sick, letting go the rifle so that the priest, in the final moment of the fall, had it in his hands.

It was still in his hands as he lumbered out of the chapel, the Mahsud groaning and sick on the floor behind him. The light in the corridor had gone out but he was not dismayed. He had an advantage over both Crane and Mathieson in knowing the Mission in every detail and of knowing exactly where he was and where he was going.

His intuition now was that Father Anstey would be in the hospital ward. Most of the shooting and almost all the shrieking of women and children was coming from the central ward where the beds were.

At the junction of the long corridor a figure rushed past him and instinctively, for the first time, he raised the rifle. To his relief it was only Colonel Mathieson, who had run past without a flash of recognition or belief in the incredible figure with rifle, vest and trousers.

Excited and distraught, the colonel came back, grabbing the barrel of the rifle. "I can't find my wife, Father! Have you seen her, for God's sake? Where have you come from? I can't find her, I can't find her——"

"From the chapel—it was burning——"

"Give me that." The colonel took the rifle out of Father Simpson's hands, and the priest gladly let it go. The colonel rushed away up the corridor towards the shrieking central ward.

Relieved of the rifle, Father Simpson fell into his natural posture when walking, folding his hands. But without his habit he had nowhere to put his hands except on the bulge of his stomach, and because of this he did not fold them completely. Instead he clenched his fists, holding the triangles of his braces just above the buttons, and in this way he reached the kitchens.

It was quieter there, and to his astonishment two nuns were working by the light of an oil lamp on the stove. There was a thick smell of boiling cocoa.

"Where is Father Anstey?"

"He is in the little ward."

He strode on through the kitchens. One of the nuns called after him: "Will you be having cocoa, Father? We are making it. . . ."

"Yes, I'll have some," he called, glad of her cheerfulness. "No sugar."

To his intense relief there were lights in the small hospital ward. Eight regular beds, with four more improvised down the centre, filled the ward so that his large body could hardly squeeze its way down to where Father Anstey was talking to two sisters by a further bed. He recalled in that moment Crane's friendly jibe about his body being too large for the trench and then Father Anstey saw him coming down the ward.

"Oh! Father—bless you—God bless you. . . ."

Father Anstey embraced him, pressing the fat of his upper arms with tense fingers of steely bone.

"What's happening Father? What have you seen?"

"Where is Mother Superior?" he said. He looked round at the beds. A child was crying softly in the bed next to him and there was blood in bright scarlet splashes across the blanket. There was no sign of Sister Teresalina either. He heard an elderly nun muttering in German at the far end of the ward and Father Anstey said: "She came in with the Hindu child here and then went back. The child was shot——"

"Went back? Where? Where did she go back?"

"The child was wounded in the central ward and there was another there, not so badly hurt."

"I should never have given up the rifle," Father Simpson said. He looked round the ward at the beds, lamp-lit, dark with scared figures like staring dolls.

A consuming and ferocious anger, springing from shock, greater than when the Mahsud had rushed into the chapel, had the effect of making his body rigid in its outrage. At the same time his face seemed perceptibly to have shrunk, and for a second or two, yellowish pink in the lamplight, the curve of his cheekbones was revealed smooth as ivory, taut under stretching flesh.

He strode back down the ward. The Hindu child cried as he went past, beating the air with her small, dark hands.

Anger and outrage impelled him through the door so blindly and obliviously that he did not hear Father

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

READERS with personal problems can obtain the help of John Bull's team of experts. Inquiries (other than medical) should be addressed to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

Anstey call briefly after him and he did not hear the child crying again as he let the door fly out of his hands.

He simply strode forward down the central corridor, towards the central ward, enormous and ponderous, blowing from exertion, his hands clenched across his braces.

As Janet McAlister helped the last of the women out of the trench she thought: Well, this is it. This is your punishment. This is what you get for your damn transgressions; and then remembered herself, thinking so little of the podgy rose-black Hindu woman trying to scramble up the vertical wall of dry earth that she let her slither down.

Dry lumps of earth and rock were shaken free and the Indian woman clawed with her hands, whimpering thinly. Panic was beginning to bubble up in her throat as her head slipped back, letting her under-chin strike the raw corrugations left by Father Simpson's spade. Half knocked out, crying and frightened, she fell backwards into the trench and lay there, huddled up, in blubbing surrender.

Always holler before they're hurt, the girl thought, vexed but patient, always give up, no backbone. And then she jumped down into the trench herself, saying: "Come on now, come on. *Juldi, juldi* now, *juldi,*" and lugged the woman to her feet.

With the last heave or two, more stones came down, bringing a stream of powdery earth into the girl's face and hair. This angered her so much more than all the feeble, flabby struggles that she gave the woman a final gigantic push and sent her sprawling and free.

The impetus of this push, spending itself on nothing, over-balanced her. Her hands slapped against earth and rock, which showered on her feet, angering her again. A Mahsud swore loudly at a woman somewhere in the orchard, and she was surprised, not quite consciously, to hear the voice already quite far away. In this fusion of surprise and anger she was not aware that she had cut her hands on a rock or that she had wrenched the rock from the side of the trench and was carrying it in her hands.

"Come on, *juldi, juldi,* now. Get a move on, *juldi,* now," and then suddenly she looked up.

Across the orchard the last of the driven line of women had reached the terrace above. In the moonlight she could see them quite clearly. They were fifty or sixty yards away and she thought: Why the devil should we *juldi*? Why should we? And then: There I go again, forgive me, let me be forgiven, mercy forgive me just this time. And then a second later she knocked the Hindu woman down.

They lay on the ground for some seconds, the girl with her hand over the woman's mouth so that she could not scream, and thinking at the same time: I'm *juldi*-ing for no Pathan or Mahsud or Moslem or Hindu or Pakistani or anybody else. I'm *juldi*-ing for nobody.

She held the woman's mouth for some moments longer with one hand, grasping the rock with the other.

"Lie still," she kept saying. "Lie still. Keep down. You must keep down."

Presently she remembered the other women hiding among the vines. She tried to get the woman to her feet and at the same time, and for the first time, she remembered Crane.

He was driven out of her mind a moment later by a volley of firing from inside the Mission, the bullets whining briefly and then screaming away, joining the yells and wails of the Pathans and the women.

The prostrate Hindu woman began blubbing again, and McAlister, angered again, lugged her at last to her feet and began to run.

THIN and wiry, McAlister ran in front of the Hindu woman, pulling her by one hand, clenching the rock in the other. It took them less than a minute to reach the vines. And when they finally fell down, the Hindu woman on top of her, sickly panting in terrorized gulps of breath, she thought: Well, that's over. That's the end of that.

She gave the Indian woman a push and then got up, kneeling for a moment or two to straighten her hair. Kneeling, she was torn between action and prayer. She thought of the Mother Superior, of her own inadequacy, of the need for a positive and conscious putting out of the devil. She ought to stay with the women in the vines: pray for them, succour them, exorcise herself.

She had been guilty of a very terrible thing with Mr. Crane: not simply the smoking, but something else—luckily it was purely mental and even he hadn't seen it—and nothing would be right until she had put it out by herself, like the devil, by penance and penitence and prayer. But the devil, in the shape of her father, kept creeping in. The recollection of the women being marched by the Pathans out of the trench, probably to be mutilated and shot, made her think furiously: Prayer won't help them now. I've got to get up there. Prayer won't save them—perhaps it will, though, perhaps it could, though—but whether it will or won't I've got to get up there, somehow, and damn quick.

She got up off her knees and began to run angrily up the path. Swinging the rock in her right hand, clenching it hard and yet not knowing she still had it, she prayed in snatches as she ran up the path and on to the terrace. The women seemed to be going to the eastern end of the Mission, towards the chapel. I'm praying like a bit off the scrag end, she thought.

She pulled herself together and began praying separately for Mother Superior, for Sister Teresalina, for Father Anstey and for Father Simpson, but she was more than half way along the terrace before she had prayed as far as Father Simpson, and she thought, half-winded: Oh! Lord, I'll never do it. Oh! Holy Mother, it'll ha' to be a collective do.

In the first second of collective prayer

THE HUMAN MACHINE

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by ROFFE THOMPSON

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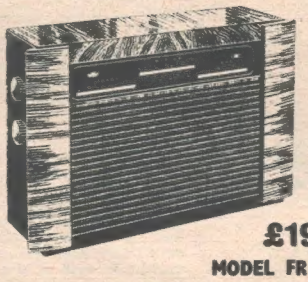

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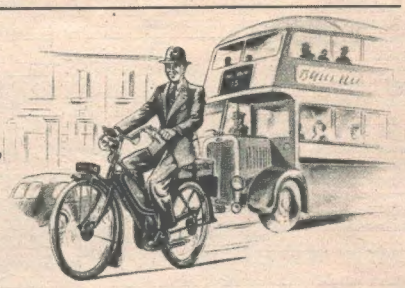

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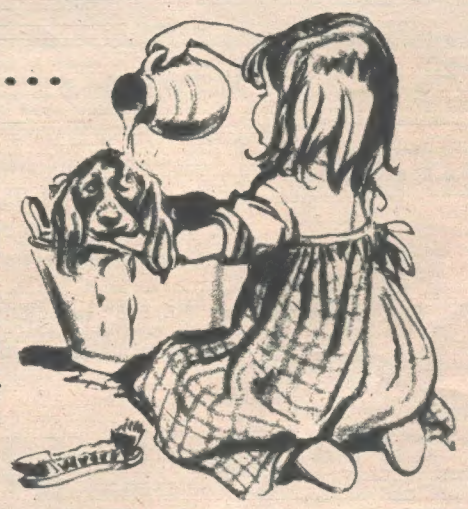

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The most meritorious of the First Prize *Bullets* in Contests 1,744, 1,745, 1,746 and 1,747 will bring its sender £1,000 CASH—a £350 First Prize plus £650 Championship Bonus.

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RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Sept 23 and in JOHN BULL, dated Sept. 30, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

"BULLETS" SETS UP NEW RECORD!

See next week's "John Bull"—and another surprise in "Bulletin" dated Sept. 16—apply on coupon below.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Freedom's Flame
The Enemy Within
Thunder Of Guns
Leadership
To A Child
If It Happens Again
Said Too Much
Fully Equipped
In The Right Place
Something Shocking
All Smiles
The Bridegroom
Tied Hand And Foot
Nice Cup Of Tea
Silently
Father Bought It And
Mopping His Brow
Star Turn
Frittered Away
In A Cloud Of Dust

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

.....For Uncle Sam
Many A.....
.....The Thing, So
"Are You.....?"
Noted For .....
Kissed ..... Goodbye

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,747 (or Xword 699), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

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Continued from next column

PICTURE"! £5: R. E. Pratt, 54 Lavington Road, Ealing, W.13: TO EVERYONE'S BACK—COMMUNIST "PACK" ADDS WEIGHT.

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OTHER AWARDS: £10: P. V. Arculus, 139 Canterbury Grove, West Norwood, S.E.27: LAMP OF LEARNING — TENDED FOR LAMPLIGHTER'S PAY! £10: J. Ames, 102 Crown Street, Lowestoft: WRITTEN IN KOREA —IN BLOOD, "HALT, STALIN!" £5: H. W. Beresford, 27 Kemerton Road, Camberwell, S.E.5: TO EVERYONE'S WAGES—BIT ADDED? *Dangerous* MONEY! £5: W. Best, c/o 1 Church Close, Wicken, Bucks: EXPLODING IN KOREA—"EMPTY SHELL" OF PEACE? £5: B. Carpenter, c/o 97 King Street, Cwm, Ebbw Vale: GENTLY DOES IT, SO—WE THOUGHT, *Mishandling* RUSSIA! £5: R. M. Peaty, 12 Windyridge, Stokes Avenue, Poole: WORTH SEEING—AGAIN, MAKE "BRITISH

Continued in previous column

CASH AND FINE NEW XWORD PRIZES!

THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues XWORD 699

1. Generally speaking, average person doesn't question account given him by one
6. Youngster probably feels no end of a lad when he makes his first
7. Two sweethearts holidaying are more likely than average person to appreciate such a district
11. Cause considerable obstruction in busy shopping centre
12. At the moment British ones don't stand quite so high as they did
13. What dramatic critic would sometimes like to give first-night show
14. It's pleasant to see one rising gracefully against the sky

Down Clues

1. Even very strong one can too easily be undermined
2. A reduction of these would increase profitable yield
3. One usually falls pretty easily
4. A great many farmers don't know what it is to have
5. To many a man this won't mean the same as to his wife
8. One finds it hard to swallow
9. The tendency is for these to grow more and more
10. It's an unsavoury business when a bad egg is

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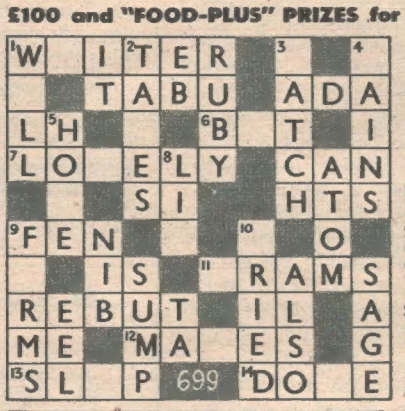

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
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In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.) Use ink not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated Sept. 16.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

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"A NOSE IN A MILLION"

In the High Court of Justice in London last month the settlement was announced of an action for libel in a short story by Michael Gilbert called "A Nose in a Million" that appeared in John Bull dated October 1, 1949. The plaintiffs were Messrs. Rubinstein Nash & Co., a well-known firm of London solicitors of the highest repute.

Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, K.C., who appeared for the plaintiffs, said that the chief character in the story was an Armenian crook called Max, whose solicitors, Rubinstein & Nashe, were represented as carrying on practice in a manner that would be anathema to the plaintiffs.

The defendants, he said, had acted most properly in this matter. They had apologized for having used and published a name so like that of the plaintiffs and they agreed to pay a sum of money to mark the gravity of the complaint. The plaintiffs accepted their assurances that the name given to the solicitors in the story had been used innocently and without any wrong motive.

Mr. John Davidson, counsel for the author, publishers and printers, said that the defendants deeply regretted having published a name so closely resembling the plaintiffs' name. Nothing was further from their minds than to suggest that the plaintiffs carried on a business like that of the solicitors in the story. The defendants had offered to do all they could to mitigate any harm that might have been done, and desired, through him, to repeat their unreserved apologies in open court.

she saw the line of women break. An Indian girl of fourteen or fifteen sprang hysterically out of it and began to run back.

Instinctively she opened her arms. She called something wildly and felt an intense desire to succour and protect the child who was running. A second later a Pathan took four or five strides after the girl, curling a long, dark arm about her like a whip. He reached her as McAlister, in a moment of energetic outrage, that was the devil of her father coming back, shouted for the second time.

The Pathan heard the shout and stopped. Letting the girl go, he saw McAlister. She must have seemed to him an extraordinary figure coming across the terrace, swinging her arms, shouting, her white nurse's head-dress askew, because he stood still for a moment, laughing.

McAlister, seeing it, felt anger and the devil mingle in new fury, and thought: Laugh, you big clot! I'll make you laugh the other side o' your neck!

She saw him stride forward, still laughing. Like the Japs, she thought. They laughed too much. Even the wounded in Burma had had that sickly damn' laugh on their flat faces.

She had walked another ten or fifteen paces before she realized that the Pathan was really coming straight for her. Her concentration on his laughing was so angry and intense that she had walked obliviously. Now the Pathan was only ten or twelve yards away from her and she knew that it was too late to run.

Still laughing, he came the last yards in a single cold, rubbery sort of bound. At the end of it he took a terrific swing at her face, flatly, with his right hand. It was exactly the sort of swing her father had aimed at her every Saturday night, year in, year out, or whenever he wanted to bang a little sense or respect into her, and she ducked instinctively, like a boxer.

As she ducked she saw the Pathan lurch blackly across the moon. She was blinded for a second or two by the

dazzle of darkness and light. She heard the Pathan grunting and the slap of his hand on his rifle stock as he lugged it off his shoulders. She saw the world of moon and mountain skyline behind him twist violently, and she knew, somehow, he was about to swing the rifle butt at her. She ducked again, but this time he was too near and she saw the skyline twist again and she was falling down.

As she fell the Pathan, for some reason she could not immediately understand, let the rifle go. A second or two later she knew that it was because he wanted both his hands to be free. She felt them rip with great violence at the front of her cloak, skinning her like an animal. She felt the entire naked front of her body from her neck down to her thighs quiver with cold and shock. She swung her arms frenziedly and her head struck the dusty grit of the terrace. Her breasts were small and tight, and at home, in Glasgow, her sister Jeannie had sometimes laughed at them, but now suddenly they seemed very large, and there was no way of hiding them as she fell.

The fury roused in her by this was increased suddenly by the Pathan biting her neck. She felt his mouth clot with warm spittle just above her shoulder. Her small breasts were crushed so that she could not breathe, and in agony, suffocated, she swung the rock.

She felt the rock hit the Pathan between the left ear and the eye. It seemed to skid from the bone of the forehead and crush the eyeball like jelly. He gave one long, tearing scream of pain. She hit him again, this time into the cup of bone about the eye. The Pathan, shrieking, hit her wildly with his left hand, across the face, knocking her free.

She hit him with the rifle butt, once as he staggered blindly into the moonlight, his face running with fresh blood, the eyesocket a blinded and glittering mess, and twice as he lay on the ground.

As she struck the rifle butt into his face the third time she heard a volley of firing from somewhere behind the chapel, and it frightened her so much more than the things she had seen and done that she began running.

ALONG the terrace, Crane had heard it, too. He had come up from the vines by way of the patch of ground where Father Simpson kept his rabbits. Terrified by the rifle-fire, the rabbits were bounding about in their small hutches like ghostly clockwork toys. They had affected Crane for a few moments more than all the shrieking of the women, and as he reached the terrace, their white, ghostly terror still troubling him, it seemed for a moment that one of them had escaped and was dashing towards him. He realized a moment later that it was McAlister. Half naked, she was holding up her cloak with one hand, like someone running in a sack race, and was swinging a rifle in the other.

The awkwardness of her cloak and the weight of the rifle gave her a curious crab-like movement as she ran, so that he thought she would fall down. But as she saw him she did not fall down. She called his name.

It was only when she had finished calling his name that he realized how silent that end of the terrace had suddenly become. His painful recollection of the imprisoned, bumping, terrified rabbits came back. McAlister stopped running, making frantic efforts to cover up her naked body, clawing her blue cloak about her breasts, and then he realized that from behind the chapel there was no longer any shrieking. The last volley of shooting had killed it altogether.

To be continued next week

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs and other articles which have been approved by our experts are marked →

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

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PYJAMAS 15/6, in 36/38 in. Spun Rayon, generously cut and hard-wearing. Rose, Turquoise, Nil Green & Lemon.
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4 Tuck In.

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MODEL AND HOUSEWIFE

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